

Suspiria Divina:
O R,
True Christian
DIVINITY.

Teaching us to
Think, Speak, and Do as we ought.

By E. H.
Author of the Divine Breathings.

*My Soul thirsteth for God, for the Living God:
O when shall I come and appear before God.*

L O N D O N:

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 O R,
 True Christian
DIVINITY, &c.

Of Meditation and Prayer.

1. **E** Legantly and Excellently, as well as Aptly and agreeably, may *Meditation* and *Prayer* be said to resemble the Spies, who went to search the Land of *Canaan*; the *one* views, and the *other* cuts down; and *both* bring home a Taste of the fairest and sweetest Fruits of H E A V E N. *Meditation* like the *Eye*, views our Mercies: And *Prayer* like the *Hand* reaches in those Mercies. Or, *Meditation* is like a *Factor* who lyes abroad to gather in what we want; and *Prayer* like a *Ship* goes forth to bring in what we wish. Yea, it flies to God with Cherubs Hands, and Wings under it, if Faithful and Fervent, pour'd out, and put up from Right Principles, in a right manner, to

a right End ; perseveringly to and before the Father of Mercies who will answer his People even before they call. Or *Meditation* and *Prayer* both together may be fitly Compared to the two Disciples who went to *Emaus* ; while they were conferring Jesus Christ comes his own self in Person to them. It is (I confess my *Misery* that I cannot be so compleat and perfect as not to want ; but it is, I acknowledge my *Mercy*, that I cannot be so wanting and miserable as not to be supplied. *Meditation* cannot possibly find out a real want, but *Prayer* will Powerfully fetch in a substantial Relief : For, what is *Prayer* ? Is it not a Spiritual *Ability* infus'd into the Heart, whereby the Soul expresses it self to God, in the Name of Jesus Christ, according to his Will with Confidence in the Promises ? All which are Yea, and in him Amen. So that it is no more but ask, and have ; and what would you more ? For Faithful is He who hath Promised, He will do it. Supplicants are Men of his Desires. Make more Account of Prayer than all the means the whole World can afford. O my God, if then Mercy be so free, I will never be Poor : But I will Meditate to know it, never know it, but I will Pray to supply it, and yet not rest, till thou shalt do for me exceeding abundantly more, and above all I ask or think.

Of Contemplation.

2. **D**ivine Bernard, (commonly called *Divus Bernardus*, by the learned Schoolmen) sublimely and sweetly compares Contemplation to the Eagle : For, as the Eagle in her Flying, as it were, even into the Eye of the Sun, and in that her so soaring aloft, is still fastening her Eye upon the radiant Beams of the beautiful-Sun : So Contemplation in its ascending and soaring on high, is still viewing the Glorious Beams of the Sun of Righteousness ; it is still conversant about the high pleasurable and profitable things of Salvation. Or, *Contemplation* ; I may compare to those *Birds* that build their Nests nigh the Altar of GOD : This is that *Cœlestial Bird* which builds her Nest about the Throne of Glory. This is the *Bee* that flies into the sweetest Gardens, and sucks Honey out of, and from every Flower of Paradise. By *Contemplation*, I can converse with God ; Solace my self in the Bosom of my Beloved ; Bath my self in Rivers of Pleasure, Tread the Paths of my Rest ; and view the Mansions, or rather Abodes of my Eternity, my will all the while Really and Sincerely, Silently, Loving, Delighting, Admiring ; *Yea* Seraphinising, as it were, in the wondrous Union to Him. Who is above all Knowledge, *Yea*, above all both Nature and Creature. What have I to do with the Illusions of this Low, Thick, Dark Earth ; I am for the Resurrection, Heaven, Glory. What makes thee then, O my Soul to stay in this Valley of Tears ? Up upon the Mount and view the Land of Promise.

mise. What makes Thee abide in the Wilderness of Trouble? Up upon the Wing, and take thy flight into Heaven, into the Heaven of Heavens. Be among the winged Inhabitants, *Yea*, among the most shining THRONE ANGELS, the most Simplified Spirits, in the very uppermost Regions of Bliss and Beauty, Light and Glory: Let thy Thoughts be where thy Happiness is, and let thy Heart be, where thy Thoughts are. Thus tho' thy *Habitation* may be on Earth, thy *Conversation* shall be in Heaven.

The Nature of the Soul, and Spirit of Man.

3. **W**Hat art thou, O Spirit of my Soul ! Thou (shall I not say? I may) art an Incorporeous Substance, a Spiritual Essence, the immediate Offspring and Breath of God, the Epitome of Heaven, *Yea*, the very Immediate Emanation from the Father of Spirits: Of Thee the World is not worthy. This Body is not so little a thing to the whole World, as the whole World is to Thy Spirit; Fewer such Bodies would fill the World, than such Worlds would fill Man's Spirit. *Exemplarq; DEI quisq; est Imagine parva.* MAN is GOD's Pattern in a little shape: What satisfies thee? what, or who, O my Soul, my Spirit! Nothing, none, but the only Immortal God, in whom all fulness dwells: He only can fill the Soul, Who fills Heaven and Earth. Thou, O God, didst *once* bid Man replenish the Earth, but never the Earth replenish Man: whose Spirit thou knowest, and hast made one of

of those Things that are never satisfied, never say, 'tis *enough*, till *it* hath as much, as much more than the World, as the Creator than the Creation. The Insufficient Creature may fill the Soul with Vexation none but the All-sufficient God can fill the Soul with Contentation: Without God, Gains are loses, and enjoyments, Torments. O God, as no Action of mine will satisfy Thee without my self, nor any Creature of Thine without Thy self. Therefore, O my God, my God, Take Thou my Heart and give me Thy self!

The Desires of the Soul and Spirit of Man.

4- **A**H my Soul, my Spirit within me! *What is it thou wouldest?* What is it thou wantest? With what imaginable Excellence wouldest thou cloath thy self? What desirable Object wouldest thou pitch upon? Is it *Beauty*? The Righteous shall shine forth as the Sun in the Kingdom of Heaven, and the Wise as the Brightness of the Firmament for evermore. Is it *Riches*? Wealth and Riches are in the House of God, every one in his Family shall have a Rich glorious Incorruptible and everlasting Inheritance among the Saints. What is it? Is it *Honour*? What Honour like to this, to be a Friend and a Favourite of God, and a Spouse of Christ, to have a Crown of Righteousness, of Life and Glory; yea more, a far more exceeding and everlasting weight of Glory set upon thy Head. Yet again, Is it *Pleasure*? The Just shall enter into their Master's Joy, and there are Rivers of Pleasures at his Right Hand

for evermore. In *Sum*, what *wouldest* thou have, O my Soul, O my Spirit, while in this my Body my Flesh, a *Confluence* of all the Glorious Things both in Heaven and Earth ? *Why* know that *Godliness* hath the Promise of this Life, and that which is to come. Are these the *Desires* of thy Soul, or the Soul of thy *Desires* ? *Why*, be sure, if Heaven and the Righteousness thereof be the Things that Thou dost seek : Both Heaven and Earth with the Excellencies thereof, is that which thou shalt find ; Good God, make them, and make me *Holy*, and I am sure I shall be *Happy*.

A true Christian's Right.

5. **R**emember ! All *Wise Agents* ever *prepone* or *propose* their *End*, before they set upon their work, and then direct their *Actions* to that end they did *prepone* or *propound*. If the Mariner lanch, it is that he may get to such an Harbour : Therefore he Sails by Compass, that he may Compass what he sails for : A Christian should always have one Eye on his end, and the other on his Way : That Man liveth the Life of a *Brute*, that knows not what he lives for ; and he acts the part of a *Fool*, that aims at Heaven, and lives at random. For, nothing should be done for any other, than the right *End*, nor in any such way as doth not Promote that, nor in that *Degree*, which will destroy and contradict it. A *Wise Christian's* end of living, is that he may live without end ; and therefore his way of living is that he may spend his Life continually in the ways of Life. He is always walking in those Paths, where
he

he sees Heaven before him. O then my Soul, my Spirit ! What is it that thou aimest at ? Is it a full Enjoyment of God ? Why ? Then while thou art present here from home in the Body, be always drawing *near*, yea, hastening home to God : So, when thou shalt be *absent* from the Body and *gone home*, thou shalt be always *present* with thy God.

A Rich Worldling.

6. **D**O not be apt, as too many are, at the sight of a *Rich Worldling*, to Envy him for what he *has* ; For my part, I rather pitty him for what he *wants*. He has a Talent, but it wants Improvement ; a Lamp, but it wants Oyl ; a Soul, a Spirit, but it wants Virtue, and Grace : He has the Star, but he wants the Sun ; the Creature, but he wants the Creator. In his Life he does but float on a Torrent of *Vanity*, which empties it self into an Ocean of *Vexation* ; and after Death, then take the Unprofitable Servant, bind him Hand and Foot, and cast him into outer Darkness ; Go set his Soul a drift for ever in an impetuous Lake of Fire and Brimstone. Where now is the Object of your Envy ? It is not his Silver now that will Anchor him, nor his Gold that will Land him, nor his Companions, nor Friends that can Comfort nor Chear him. Therefore if he be worth the *Envy*ing, who is worth the *Pity*ing ? If this be *Felicity*, then give me *Misery*. O God, rather make me Poor with a good Heart, than Rich with a bad Conscience !

A Christian's Choice.

7. **H**OW frail is my Body, and how fading is the World ; but my Soul, my Spirit never dies, and Jehovah God ever lives. If I pitch on the Creatures, either they may take Wings like an Eagle that flies towards Heaven, or my Spirit, my Soul may take its way with the Rich Fool, and go to Hell : But if I chuse God for my Portion, then Mercy and Goodness shall follow me while I live, and Eternity and Glory shall Crown me when I die. I will therefore now *leave* that which I shall soon *loose*, that so I may *Embrace* that which I shall always *Enjoy*.

The difference between Good and Bad Men, with Respect to this Life.

8. **O**BSERVABLE it is, *that* the *Bad* have their Heaven here, and their Hell hereafter ; while the *Good* on the contrary have their Hell here, and their Heaven hereafter. *Dives* had his good things in this life, and *Lazarus* his evil. Now *Lazarus* is comforted, and *Dives* is tormented : Surely then, of the two, I should better like to beg my bread with *Lazarus* here, than water with *Dives* hereafter, Shall I therefore ? (no I shall not, will not) envy the prosperity of the Wicked, nor be offended at adversity of the Righteous, seeing the one is drawn in pomp to Hell, while the other swims in tears to Heaven.

of

*Of Joy, Mirth and Laughter, and of
Sorrow, Mourning and Weeping.*

9. **O** My Soul ! as there is a Sorrowful Mirth, *so* there is a Joyful Mourning ; Look on the Voluptuous man, however Laughter may appear in his face, yet Sadness centers in his heart. His Carnal delights are not only Vain ; but Vexing ; like Musick, they play him into a Melancholy fit : For who dont know *even* how Solace by Laughter breaks forth to *Excess*, out, goes it self, and turns to *Heaviness*. Why then such merry Boys, Glee, Jolly, Glad, GREAT reason, surely *Solomon* then *bad*, to say of Laughter (as he did) 'Tis *mad*. Laughter's but the last blaze of Mirth *full blown*. Our Joys soon fade, from Greatest come to *none*. While the Banquet lasts, the Sensualist *Sings* ; but when the Reckning comes, his Spirit *Sinks* ; His burning Candle presently goes out in a stinking Snuff ; his shining Sun instantly Sets in a watery Cloud. *Solomon* gives the summe of it thus. *Even in Laughter the heart is Sorrowful, and the End of that Mirth is Heaviness.*

But now in the *Penitential Person*, as his tears are the Joy of Angels, *so* they are the Joy of his heart, and the solace of his Soul ; the falter his Tears, the sweeter his Comforts ; The deeper his Sighs, the fuller his Joys : The Beams of Consolation alwaies shine into this house of Lamentation. So that his Soul is in travel of a *Barnabas*, and his labour brings forth the fruits of Peace ; Insomuch that

that I may truly say, *To mourn for sin is to weep for Joy.* Those pure and pleasant streams of *Consolation*, (which is the Worldlings Wonder) that flow and run in those Christal rivers of pleasures at God's right Hand, they all come from a *Weeping Spring*; Why then is the mouth of Wickedness open'd against the Way of Holiness, as if Grace were the *Calvary* to entomb Joy; and Impiety the very *Womb* to bring forth Felicity. But if *Experience may be heard*, my Soul hath felt *Both*, and I find such damps of Spirit in Worldly pleasures, and such refreshes of Soul and Spirit in the depth of Godly sorrow, that I shall ever esteem one drop of such Spiritual Joy, better than an Ocean of Carnal Mirth.

The Soul and Spirits Happiness.

10. **K** Now where thy Happiness, lyes there thy Portion lies, for these two ever lodge together. If thou, O man; place thy Happiness in a poor empty Creature, not only subject to vanity, but altogether lighter. If with Judas thy Spirit run so low, that thou canst be content only to keep the bag; or with Reuben, for some Worldly conveniency, quarter on this side Jordan. Why then, unworthy Soul, take that which is thine own and go thy ways. If thou wilt be put off with a breath of honour, or a blaze of pleasure, a snare of Riches, or a parcel of Vanity; Why then, go take thy fill, look for no more from GOD, thou see'st thy All, when thou goest from hence, so farewell all In the inter Memento. Ah! in the mean while Remember, that when the breath shall be

be expired, the blaze extinct, thy Soul and Spirit for ever ensnared ; *Then* thy Eternity shall be spent in bewailing thy folly. But now, O pretious Soul, O Divine Spirit, if thou place thy felicity in the highest Excellency, If thy lot lies in the Chiefest Good, If it be thy happiness alwaies to be looking to behold the Beautys of Gods face ; It shall be thy *Portion* always to behold the beauty of GOD's presence. Ponder this, O my Soul, *Whoever parts with G O D, parts with him for nothing, ev'n very nothing*, tho' it be to save himself and all that he hath. I adjure thee, O Man, by the living GOD, that thou for ever seek him, as no less than thine All ; that thou tell Him, tho' every thing he made answers *His end*, 'Tis only H E, who made every thing, can answer thine : that thou say plainly, unless H E be ALL THINGS to thee H E is an insufficient GOD ; all He has besides H I M S E L F being *very nothing* to thy wants and desires, Yea such as leave thee in straits in the fulness of *their* SUFFICIENCY. Give me leave to write on this World and the Glory of it, T E K E L thou art weigh'd in the Ballance, and art found *Wanting* of any good to my Soul. O God let the Worldling then be sent away, with some poor Worldly trifles ; But for my part since T H O U hast made me capable of such Cœlestial Excellencies my happiness lies only in T H Y S E L F. Therefore whatsoever I enjoy besides T H Y S E L F, I will take as a Blessing, but *not as a Portion*.

Spiritual Desires.

11. **E**ver Conclude *unsatiable desires in Temporals make one poor in Spirituals*: a right Christian is only rich in outward things, when he is contented with what he has, that Person has nothing of Heavenly things, who thirsteth not after more; Worldly desires alwaies leave us empty: Either we get not what we Covet, or we are not satisfied with what we get. But he who thirsteth after Heavenly things is never filled, and the more he recieves the more he desires. The Richest and choicest Mercys G O D can give, sincere desires will fetch in, What a Glorious Improvement might we make of this affection, if we did but divert the stream, and turn it Heavenward. How many excellent Mercies lie a-ground, and only want this Tide to bring them in; Why then let I my desires run out in wast; I do but make my self pant in hungrying and thirsting after more of the World, of the Creature, when I might be rich, If I could count more of Grace, of Christ.

Deceitful Riches.

12. **R** Eckon You may upon it, that we, when a Notorious Worldling is dead, do usually aske, how Rich he died? Oh, say many, he Died Rich, left a G R E A T Estate behind him; Woe and Alas, the poor man has slept his sleep, lost his dream, and now he awakes, he finds nothing in his Hand, Where
lies

lies his Golden Heap? Only the Rust of it is gone to Witness against him. His Mammon fails him, only the Unrighteousness of it follows him. Others have the use of it, only the abuse of it, he carries to Judgment with him. He hath made his Friends, (as we say) but he hath undone himself, so that I may Justly write this Motto on every Bag; *This is the price of Blood*. Shall I then treasure up the price of Blood? No, Christ hath Intrusted me as a Steward, therefore what I have and need not: Christ shall have in his Members that need and have not; Thus the transitory Creatures when they shall slide away, shall not carry me along with them, but when I shall pass away, I shall carry them with me.

The Misery of a Wicked Man.

13. **M**Y Soul, what a miserable Creature is a Wicked Man? his very Manna turns to Worms, his very Mercies make him Miserable. Look on him in large estate, and you shall find either he has not the Benefit of having (only the danger of keeping it:) and this adds not to his Comfort, or if he have, enjoy or rather use it, he doth so miserably abuse it; that as one well says, he makes that which for use is but Temporal, for Punishment to be Eternal. Alas! the Pleasure of it is quickly gone, but the pain of it lies in his Bones for ever. O my God! help me therefore to improve Thy Mercies, or else Thy Mercies will but improve My Miseries.

The Book of Conscience.

14. **A**ttention give, and Great to, If Thou wouldst know whither Thy Name be written in the Book of Life? Wouldst Thou? then read what Thou hast written in the Book of Conscience. Thou needst not ask, who shall ascend into Heaven to search the Records of Eternity. Thou mayst but descend to Thine own Heart, and there read what Thou art, and what Thou shalt be, tho' God's Book of Election and Reprobation be closed, and kept above with God; yet this Book of Conscience is open and kept below in thy very Bosom; and what Thou writest there, thou shalt be sure to read there. If I write nothing in this Book but the Blackness of Sin, I shall find nothing but the Red Lines of Damnation: But if I Write God's Word in the Book of Conscience, I may be sure God hath written My Name in the Book of Life; at the Great Day of Judgment, when all Books shall be open'd, there I shall read either the Sweetest or Sharpest Lines; I will therefore so Write here, that I may not be ashamed to read hereafter.

Perilous Curiosity, or dangerous Prying.

15. **S**earch not Curiously into the Secrets of God, *pick not the Lock where he hath allowed no Key.* He that will be sifting every Cloud, may be smitten with a Thunderbolt; and He that will be too Familiar with God's
Sc-

Secrets, may be overwhelmed in His Judgments. *Adam* would curiously increase his Knowledge; wherefore *Adam* shamefully lost his Goodness: The *Bethshemites* would needs pry into the Ark of God, therefore the Hand of God slew above Fifty Thousand of them. Wherefore hover we not about this Flame, least We scorch at least our Wings. For my part seeing God hath not made me His Secretary, I will carefully improve myself by what he hath revealed, and not Curiously enquire into or after what He hath reserved.

Death.

16. **T**Rue it is as Truth, nothing So certain as Death, and nothing So uncertain as the Time; I may be too Old to Live, never be too Young to Dye: The Lambskin goes to the Market, we see, as well as the Sheepskin. Death makes no difference betwixt a Dimple and a Wrinkle. It will be therefore one and a Good End of Meditation, the Meditation of ones End. The Year runs it round about without stopping at July more than at December. Teach me then, O my God, so to number my Days, that I may apply my Heart to Wisdom, and to consider my latter End. And seeing that Day comes as a Thief in the Night, O let me with the wise Virgins watch with Oyl in my Lamp, and let me walk likewise honestly as in the day, yea let me Dye daily, if not hourly; however I will so Live every hour as if I were to Dye the next.

The State of a Man at Death.

17. **E**Ver Remember this, *As the Tree falls,*
So it lies, and where Death strikes
 down, there God lays out for Mercy or Mi-
 sery. Every Mans *Death Day*, being every
 Man's *Dooms Day*, so that I may compare it
 to the Sea, if I go in an *Israelite*, my landing
 shall be in Glory; and my Joying in Tri-
 umph, to see all my Enemies dead on the
 Sea Shore. But if I go in an *Egyptian*, if I
 be on this side the Cloud, on this side the Co-
 venant, and go in hardned among the Troops
 of *Pharoah*, Justice shall revert in its full
 Strength, and an Innudation of Judgment
 shall overflow my Soul for ever. Or else I
 may liken it to the Sleep of the Ten Virgins,
 of whom it is said, that they slumber'd and
 slept: we shall all fall into this Sleep; Now
 if I sleep with the Foolish, without Oyl in
 my Lamp (without Grace in my Soul) I have
 closed the Gates of Mercy upon my Soul for
 ever. I see then this Life is the time where-
 in I must go forth to meet the Lord. This
 is the hour wherein I must do my Work:
 and that the Day wherein I must be judged
 according to my Works: I know not how
 soon I may fall into this Sleep. Therefore
 O God grant that I may so live every day in
 Thy sight, as I desire to appear the last Day in
 Thy Presence.

Small space betwixt Life and Death.

18. **R**emember and Ponder the ensuing Parallel or *Simile*, how what is said of the Mariner in respect of his Ship, that he always Sails within four Inches of Death : the same may be said of the Soul in Relation to the Body, that it is always within four Inches of Eternity. If the Ship splits the Sailor sinks, if our Earthen Vessel break the Soul is gone, plunged for ever in the bottomless Sea and bankless Ocean of Eternity ; this is the Soul, therefore that I desire to weep over, that shall preposterously launch into the deep, before he knows whether he shall Sink or Swim.

Preparation for Death.

19. **I**T was a sad Speech of a Dying King, *Nondum capi vivere, jam cogor vivendi finem facere*, I must now dye before I begin to live. It is the Sad Estate of too many dying Men, that their *Work* is to do, when their *Hour* is come ; when the *Foe* is in the Gate, their *Weapons* are to look for ; when Death is at the Door, their *Graces* are too seek : When the *Bridegroom* is come, their *Oyl* is to Buy : The pursuer of *Blood* is upon them, and the City of *Refuge* not so much as thought of by them. In Sum, the *Seven Years* of Plenty are wasted, and *No Provision* for the Years of Famine. *Time* is spent, and nothing laid up for *Eternity*. I will therefore finish every work I have to do, that to Dye may be the last Work I have to finish. C 3 The

The Evil Age.

20. **N**Otoriously impudent is this Age, and so exceedingly uncivil, yea, Impious, that it is now grown and counted one of the Greatest Shames to be ashamed of Sin : But for my part I had rather be accounted the Worlds Fool than God's Foe, and glad I can escape so ; leaving the Wicked Worldling to the Angels Judgment, but to the God of this Age (I mean the Devil and Satan's) Commandment, viz. He that is filthy let him be filthy still.

The Christians Courage.

21. **A**H Worldling, woe to Thee, Thou deridest to see a Christian melting at the Word, trembling at Sin : I tell Thee he is of a noble Courage, he can triumph in Death and in Judgment. It is not the King of Fears that can appall him, nor Hell it self that can affright him : But as a Conqueror over both, he can leave the World with a Smile : O Death where is Thy Sting ! O Hell where is Thy Victory. That is the Valiant, Triumphant Valediction, his final Glorious Farewell : But Thou that Gloriest so much, because Thou canst silence Conscience and outface Sin, I tell Thee Thou art of a base Cowardly Spirit ; let but a little Sickness impair Thy Health, or thy Thoughts of Death charge upon thy Spirit : O what quick retreatings are there from the bold Resolutions ! What Heaviness clouds Thy

Thy Looks! What Terrors shakes Thy Joynts! What sadness sinks Thy Heart! So that a Fancy frights Thee, a Shadow startles Thee, *Nabat* like Thy Spirits Dye and sink within Thee like a Stone. Therefore deride, Jeer, Mock on, for in my part I hold it much better to fear when God threatens, than shake when God Judges.

The Soul's Communion.

22. **R**ight is the Observation, *The nearer the Moon draws into Conjunction with the Sun, the brighter it shines towards Heaven, and the Obscurer it shews towards the Earth.* So the nearer the Soul draws into Communion with Jesus the Christ, the Comlier it is in the Eye of the Spouse, and the blacker it appears in the sight of the World. He who is a Precious Christian to the Lord, is a Precise Puritan to the World. He who is Glorious to a Heavenly Saint, is Odious to an Earthly Sinner. But it is a sign Thou art an *Aegyptian*, when that Cloud, which is a Light to an *Israelite*, is Darkness to Thee; It is a sign Thou movest in a Terrestrial Orb, when Thou seeest no Lustre in such Cœlestial Lights. For my part, if I Shine to God, I care not how I shew to the World..

The Worth of a Christian.

23. **T**O the World it appears not what we are, and to our selves it hardly appears what we shall be; for did they know that we are the Jewels of God, Favourites of

of Heaven, the Excellence of the Creation, the beloved of Christ ; they would not Scoff and Mock, Pursue and Persecute us as they do : or if we did but know, that we should be Glorified together with Christ, that his Happiness shall be all our Happiness, his Joy, all our Joy, and his Glory all our Glory ; Verily we should not be so much dejected, cast down so much, and so too oft as we are : for when I consider that my Life is hid with Christ in God, I wonder not to see the World hate me ; but when I consider that when Christ shall appear, I shall be like Him, I wonder it does so much as trouble me.

The Prosperity of the Wicked.

24. **S**hould I ? Why should I fret my self at the Prosperity of the Wicked ; Indeed when I look upon the spreading Bay, and forget the Withering Herb, when I view their Quails and forget their Curse, my Feet had almost slipt ; but since I went into the Sanctuary of God, I find that all the Blossoms of Glory must disflourish under the Blasphems of God's Wrath : and all this Extern felicity doth but perfect the Judgments of God, and fill up the Measure of their Misery ; for what's their Pleasure but even like the Deceitful Salute of *Joab* with *Amasa* ? What's their Honour, but like *Absolom's* Mule, it only Mounts and Carries them to the Gallows ? What is that Wealth but like *Isaac's* Present in a Lordly Dish, it only makes way for the fatal Nail, for their sad Account at the Day of Judgment, thus their Prosperity slaies them. Now who Esteems
that

that Ox the Happier, that hath a goodly Pasture to feed himself for the Slaughter? Who envies the Malefactors that have a fair Day to ride in to their Execution? And why i't that the Workers of Iniquity Flourish? Is it not that they shall be destroy'd for ever? And the larger their Pasture, the sooner they are fatted for their Slaughter. I therefore for my part, when I see a Sinner Prosper in his Impiety, I will turn the Flame of Envy into a Tear of Pitty.

A Christian's Heaven and Hell.

25. **P**rofessor! Consider seriously these two ensuing Assertions, *This is Heaven to be for ever with the Lord; and this is Hell to be for ever without the Lord.* Ye that can see no Beauty in Christ, no Glory in Heaven; do ye likewise see no Flames in Hell, no Hell in the loss of God? Ye therefore that cannot be taken with his Presence, O tremble ye not at his Absence? And ye that care not to be with, Ah fear ye not to be without him? for this is Hell on Earth; *Depart from us:* And this is Hell when ye leave the Earth *Depart from me.* Lord Thou art my Heaven and Happiness, Unite me to thee that I may be for ever with Thee.

The Use of Riches.

26. **R**eally, O my Soul! my Soul! so it is, and so it will be found at the long run, and the contrary Belief to Thy Ruine, that, *what Good is in Riches lies altogether in their*

their use : Like the Womans Box of Oyntment, if it be not broken and poured out for the sweet Refresh of Jesus Christ, in his distressed Members, they lose their Worth; And what if I say there is not Peradventure one sort of worthy Acts, or good Works more Acceptable and pleasing to God than such use of Riches. Therefore a Covetous Man may truly write on his Rusting Bags, *These are good for nothing*. St. Chrysostom tells us, that he is not Rich that laies up much, but who laies out much : certainly 'tis so, for its all one not to have as not to use. I will therefore be the Richer by a Charitable laying and handing out, while the Worldling shall be the Poorer, by his Covetous laying and hoarding up.

The Worldlings God.

27. **O** Man, Think, and then tell me what thou thinkest of this following Question: *Who will part with his God?* I will part with my Life rather than part with my God, is it not usually so said; No Marvel then that the meer Worldling (who without doubt is the greatest Wonder in the World) The Covetous Miser I mean, (that Idolatrous Animal so hugs his Gold; it is his God. If you take that from him, he may cry out with *Micah*, *What have I more?* His Heaven, His Happiness, His all is gone, if His God be gone. I will not therefore wonder so much at the closeness of His Hand, as at the Vainness of His Heart. We count it singular Wisdom to keep that God we chuse; but that

is absolute folly to chuse that God we cannot keep.

The Soul's and Spirit's Happiness.

28. **F**Indest thou not, O Soul ! O Spirit !
 However, O firmly believe, yea
 surely know, that Thou art Spiritual in Thy
 Essence, immense in Thy Desires, and Im-
 mortal in Thy Nature ; *So that there must be*
Proportion and Perfection of what Thou possessest
with a Perennity in both : Or else no full con-
 tent, no real Satisfaction. Now were the
 Universal World turn'd into a Pleasant *Eden*,
 and that *Eden* refresht with living Springs
 of ChrySTALLINE Glories, and Thou Seated in
 the Throne of its choicest Excellencies,
 Crowned with a Diadem of its Richest Feli-
 cities, Swaying the Scepter of Thy Glory
 over all Sublunary Creatures : Nay, could'st
 thou give Reins to the Sun, or guidance to the
 moving Flames, Did Thy Territories border
 upon the highest Heavens, and the Revenues
 of Thy Crown flow from the farthest parts
 of the Earth : Yet, yet what Proportion
 doth a Material World bear to an Imma-
 terial Soul, an Immortal Spirit ? Will a Ly-
 on feed on Grass, or can the Soul be satisfied
 with Dust ? Thou mayest as soon feed Thy
 Body with Grass as Thy Soul with the Crea-
 ture ; Tho' it dwell in a Clod of Earth, and
 in some few Drops of Blood, and abide in
 the very Grass-plat of the Flesh ; (where Thou,
 O Man ! wast fearfully and wonderfully
 made) all the World to It is as nothing and
 Vanity. O Man ! Let me tell Thee, the Spirit
 of the Soul takes up the Isles as a very little
 thing.

thing. *Eft Deus in Nobis, O Homo ! parve Deus.* If it did bear Proportion, yet the Creature wants Perfection. Now could the Devil turn Chymist, and extract the Spirits of Quintessence of the purest disirablest Excellencies under Heaven; yet the Creature is of such an imperfect Nature, that there is in it more Smoak, Thorns, Lees, Sting; than Fire, Flower, Liquor, Honey, so that the Soul shall be, the Spirit (as *Solomon* Words it) shall be filled with a Whirlwind of Vexation, that thinks to be satisfied with an Object of imperfection: for it is impossible such a scanty Excellency should any ways fill an enlarged Capacity. Yet were there Perfection, yet there is not Perennity perpetuity; It will fly away like a Bird from the Perch, or melt away like Ice before the Sun, and so leave the Immaterial and Immortal Soul and Spirit to sink for ever; so that the Creature will not only make Thee wandring and Restless, but leave Thee Wailing and Joyless. I see then I shall never Rest, till I rest in God. He who is the preserver of Souls, the Father of Spirits, the Fountain of Bliss, the Antient of Days, He only is the adequate Object for my Soul, my Spirit. The rest of the Creatures is in its end. The end of the Soul of the Spirit is in its God. Therefore, O my God! my God! seeing Thou hast made me for Thy self, fill me wholly with Thy self, and take me wholly to Thy self.

The Vanity of the World.

29. **E**Ntertain this Queere, and enter into and ask Thy self, *Doth Satan tempt Thee with Pleasures. Dignities or Profits?* O my Soul, my Soul! Stand upon Thy Guard; Gird on Thy Strength with such Thoughts as these: What! Glory now in my Shame, and after be ashamed of my Glory! What is the Chuser of Vanity, but one that is Lighter than Vanity: What are the Applauses of Men to the Crown proposed by God? What Advance is this to be Triumphant in Honour before the Face of Man here, and to be trembling for Shame before the Throne of God hereafter? or what are the Pleasures of the World to the Peace of Conscience? How can the Delights of the Earth solace, if the Sting Poyson me! What would the World Profit me, if the Cares choak me? or what is the Gain of the whole World to the loss of my Soul? I read in the Holy Scriptures of Truth of *many Things lost; of but two (that I think of) won.* King Solomon mentions *winning of Souls*, St. Paul *winning of Christ*. Let me but win these Two, and let Ziba take all for me. I cannot be exceedingly Angred or Pleas'd with the Gourds, which come up in a Night, and Perish in a Night: nor will my Soul Humble and Abase it self to behold (amorously) the Things that are on Earth. The Vanity of the Creature is far beneath the Excellency of my Soul. In Comparison of God it abhors it self; In Comparison of itself, it abhors the World, the World whose Scanty Measure is an Abomination to it, and to

all of whose Treasure the Heaven Born Spirit, faith not unfrequently as Jesus to the Jews, *Ye are from beneath, I am from above*, and above the World is my price. Therefore Satan, you and I must keep at an everlasting Distance.

The Christian Traveller.

30. **S***ay we not well!* A black Cloud makes the Traveller mend his pace, and mind his home; whereas a fair Day and pleasant way, wafts his time, and steals away his Affection in the Prospect of the Country. However, others may think of it, yet I take it as a Mercy, that now and then some Clouds do interpose my Sun, and some Troubles Eclipse my Comforts. For I perceive if I find too much Friendship in my Inn, in my Pilgrimage, I should soon forget my Fathers House and my Heritage.

The World's Hatred to Living Saints.

31. **S***urely there is a Generation of Men* that will Praise and Adore the Saints in Heaven, yet mock and afflict the Saints on Earth: so that were those Saints all alive again, whom they so much honour in their Day, I dare affirm, they would persecute them in other Persons. So little Praise is it to be a Man of pure Lips, if no more. Thus the Hypocrite, as *Solomon* tells us, doth with his Mouth destroy his Neighbour. But yet sure such sort of Men love their Enemies, God's Laws; bless they do these, tho' these curse them;

them ; and Pray too they do for God's Promises, tho' these despitefully use them, and give them not one drop of Comfort. Nay, they're even as perfect as their Father which is in Hell, is perfect at least; They're like the Jews, they can garnish the Sepulchre of the Righteous, and yet play the Jew with the Person of the Righteous. Dissembling World ! Thy Tongue embalms a dead Saint, while thy Hands strike a Wound into the living Saints, and thou canst Praise God for those who depart in the Faith, and yet persecute God in those who will not depart from the Faith. O Foolish World ! must thou needs condemn thy self, for thy Praise hath left thy practise without excuse.

The best Treasures.

32. **O**Ne asking *Alexander* where he would lay his Treasures, was answered by him very well, *Apud Amicos*, among his Friends; being Confident that there it would be kept with safety, and rendred back with use. O Christian ! What needest thou to enlarge thy Barns ? Make thee Friends of the Holy Jesus the Christ, thy Treasury, let the Hands of the Widow, the Bowels of the Poor, be thy Storehouse. Here it is sure and safe. No Thief can steal it, no Time can rust it ; no change can lose it, and here too 'tis improved, a Temporal Gift is here turned into an Eternal Reward : Nay, seeing the Poor are God's Receivers, as the Angels are his Auditors, tho' it may seem a Paradox, what I am about to assert, yet it is without all Peradventure an Axiom Orthodox, that *Giving is a*

Richer trade than Lending, yea, than lending Use upon Use ; for he who giveth to the Poor, lendeth to the Lord. Qui suadet, sua det, may some say, that look out sharp in and for this bewitching World. To that Objection this Solution will do, and believe as abovesaid, only with this proviso, that you may not think the giving the Petitoes in Alms, will satisfy for the Stealing the Pig ; from the Premises, therefore I do at least conclude, so may the Objector and Reader, whoever they be, and that most safely and surely, (viz.) No ground so fruitful as the Bosom of the Poor, which bringeth forth an hundred Fold.

The Worlds Worthlesness.

33. **R**egard, yea, Respect and Reverence thy self O my Soul ! my Soul ! Mind ! Spirit ! What makest thou, what makest thou groveling on the Earth ! Every thing here below is too base for thy excellency, too short for thy Eternity. Thou art capable of God, and must have a Being, when these poor Creatures are reduced to nothing. The Creature is too base a Metal to make Thee a Crown of Glory, too rotten a bottom to carry thee through Eternity. Oh, fill thy self with God, so shalt thou raise thy Glory to perpetuity, perennity, Eternity.

A Christian's Circumspection.

34. **O** Soul ! when any thing presents it self, Think if Christ were now here alive, would he do so ? Or if I were now to die
would

would I do it ? I must walk as he walked, and I must live as I intend to dye. If it be Christ's will, It is my sin; If I die in that Sin it will be my Ruin, and I will therefore in every action so carry my self, as if Christ were on one hand and Death on the other.

Live with an Eye to Eternity.

35. **F**Rail (*may I say this our*) life is but for a Moment ; and yet in this Moment of Time (this *το νῦν* in *Transitu* if it be Nonsense to speak before the Learned) we sow the seeds of Eternity, in this Transitory hour, shall I, can I say Hour ? since *Homo perit in instanti*) I am framing to my self either a Good or Bad Eternity. Therefore, as the Poet replyed to one upbraiding him for being three days about three verses, whereas he could make an Hundred in One Day: Oh saith he, *At tui ad triduum modo, mei in omne Eternum duraturi sunt*, thine are but for three days, but mine must continue for ever : According to my carriage now my Name must rise or fall for ever. So may we answer this foolish World upbraiding us for too much Strictness and Preciseness. Oh Sirs, had we not need to be exact indeed, when the Works we are about are not to be Written in Sand but in the Records of Eternity. The lines that we draw, must run parallel with Eternity ; and according as we carry our selves in this Moment of Time we must live or die for ever. Is this so ? my Soul ! My Soul ! and shall I one day be so miserable as to be told, that thro' my own fault for a Trifle, for a Moment. My most Merciful, Meek and long suffering Saviour shall

be Eternally turned into my Punisher, and become most justly Terrible and Irreconcilable to me ? And when the Worm of Remorse shall more enforce me to weep and howl, than any Torment else in Hell whatsoever ; And even when in that unutterable Misery, I shall be laught at, and that by him who only can relieve me, who knows the price of my Soul hath sum'd it up, and likewise paid for it, even, the Lord Redeemer ? O God ! O Lord ! suffer me not to be engaged, so plunged into this unhappy Eternity, where thou art not only not beloved, but where Thou art Blasphemed, and where Thou art evermore looked upon as a Judge, but never more acknowledged a Saviour. Now therefore O my God, my God ! Now O my Lord ! My Lord help me so to improve the Brevity of my life, by the Integrity of my acts, that I may turn this moment of Misery into an Eternity of Bliss.

The Happy Lives of the Saints.

36. **P**hilosophers affirm, that the *Soul of Man is the Horizon of Time and Eternity*. Now if the Sun of Righteousness be not risen in our Horizon ; we must expect nothing but a cloudy Time and a Stormy Eternity, a gross darkness here and outer darkness for ever hereafter. But as for those Blessed Saints into whose Souls the Oriental Splendor of the Sun of Righteousness is shed abroad, how do they live in his Sight ? What Reviving Comforts ? What Coelestial Excellencies ? What advancing Principles are darted, from the Face of Beauty into their Spirits ? And as for the Triumphant Saints,

in whose Horizon Jesus Christ is in the Eternal Meridian of his Glory ! Oh what full Beams of Bliss and Consolation, of Joy Sweetness and Happiness, without the least shadow of Woe and Discomfort, Grief or Bitterness, Discontent or Uneasiness, Warm, Refresh, and Delight their Blessed Souls, their Glorified Spirits to all Eternity ! Oh Jehovah ! and my Heavenly Father in the Holy Jesus lift up and shed the light of thy Countenance in my Horizon, so shall time (the never remaining now) be the Morning and Eternity (that ever remaining now) the Noon of Glory in my whole Man.

Where Hallelujah and Hosanna I shall Hear and Sing to all Eternity.

The Worldling's mean Choice.

37. **H**OW many Servants hath the World, because it gives wages present in this life ? Whereas Christ hath but few Disciples, because their Reward is future in another life. *Most live by sight*, and therefore must have to satisfy their Sense. Most had rather with *Ismael* be sent away with a small Gift, than with *Isaac* wait for the Inheritance. They had rather take their Portion in this Earth, than wait for an Inheritance reserved in the Heavens : Their unworthy Spirits cry with *Esau*, what profit will this Birth-right be to me ? We must have pleasure, Credit, riches with *Lyfmachus*, they will therefore sell their Kingdoms and themselves for a draught of Water. To speak as a man and somewhat as a Philosopher, I never coveted to be Master of any thing without me. Oh the Earthly mindedness

of Mortals ! there are but few, very few such elevated Spirits, as the Disciples, who can leave a Possession to live upon a Promise. But few have such Heroic Spirits, as Moses had, who can despise the treasures of this present World out of respect to a Recompence of a future Reward ? But many (Oh how many) such sordid Spirits as *Dives* had, that would have their good things here : But for my part, tho' I confess, Oh World, thou hast much Goods laid up for many years : But hang them and thee too, thou hast none for Eternity, as Waters fail from the Sea, and the flood dries up ; So thy Goods lie down and rise up no more. A man may possess all thy things and yet not so much as have any thing to possess : One Blessing of God makes Rich, ten thousand of thine cannot do so. For thee and thy followers are reserved to the day of Destruction, and in the mean time that which is wanting cannot be numbred, and that which is, is besides vexation, no more than vanity. Moreover if the Saints must Judge the World and the things of the World, be sure they will judge them the worst Enemies next to lusts after them. Therefore Give me not O my God my Portion in this Life. I had much rather O my God live by Faith.

The Rebellious Sinner.

38. **Y**OU would think it strange should a Rebel under Proclamation of Mercy stand out, when he knows he shall be fetched in by the hand of Justice : Yet how many refractory Sinners (with those invited Guests in the Gospel) deride the Messengers of Peace, till

till they are slain by the Men of War! think what a danger he is in, that stands exposed by his Crimes to the Divine vengeance. Think O Soul! think how easily God can crush thee the bold offending Worm? think and tremble at the irresistible, invincible thunder of his Wrath? O think and dread what vengeance is due to such a Sinner. Indeed hadst thou Counsel, Wisdom and Strength for the Battle, could thy heart indure or thy hands be strong in the day that God shall deal with thee, this were much: Or could the God whom thou serveest deliver thee out of the Hands of Christ, this were more; But wo and alas! thou must one day be brought under his Regal Power either in favour or fury, either in the Praise of his Glory or to the Magnifying of his Mercy.

N. B. If thou hate his Throne thou shalt be made his Footstool. If thou wilt not have him to be thy Head, thou shalt be trod under his Feet. If he be not thy Jesus, He will be thy Judge. In brief if thou wilt not touch the Golden Scepter of his Mercy, thou shalt be crusht with the Rod of his Justice. And this remember, that this Life is the only time of displaying the Flag of Mercy, and the burning of the Taper of Peace, if once the White Flag be folded up, and the burning Taper burned out, then look for nothing but the Flourishes of the Black Flag: as for those mine enemies that would not that I should reign over them, bring them hither and slay them before me. Therefore now sit down and see thy weakness, and while the King is yet a great way off, send out the Ambassadors of thy Prayers and tears, and acquaint (or as in the Original) accustom thy

thy self now with God and be at Peace. Oh learn to obey here, that thou mayst be admitted to Rule hereafter. For my part. I had rather by far come in a Favourite, than be by force brought in a Traytor,

The Benefit of Repentance.

39. **S***In and Sorrow are constant Companions,* inseparable Chronies, thou canst not let in one and shut out the other. If thy Moment be spent in Mirth, thy Eternity shall be spent in Mourning. If thou wilt not weep here, while thou mayst have mercy to pardon thee, thou shalt wail hereafter, and yet have no eye to pity thee. A Bottle of Tears now may quench the fire of Sin : But a Cloud of Tears shall never quench the flames of Hell. Therefore while the Wicked go on laughing, I desire to go on Mourning : The Valley of *Bochim* will at length set me upon the Hill of *Sion* : But the Paths of Joying, Jovialing, will at length bring me into a Hell of Weeping and Lamenting. For this is certain, and a sad Truth it is, *He that Swims in sin, shall sink in Sorrow.* David was a Companion to all that feared God and kept his precepts : and in order to which he took a very good (and it may be the only) course, when he resolved he would not know a Wicked Person. If I will imitate my God, who is angry with all the Wicked every day, I must be angry every day with my Wicked self, and beware of my own Company, and why not then of all Wicked Company. 'tis sinful Company O my Soul, my Soul, that deceives its Neighbour, throws Firebrand, Arrows and Death
and

and saith, Am I not in Sport? Woe be to me if my Company keeping with merry evil men be not to make them very good men, and with a Care that they make not me merrily evil too, and my end verily too like theirs; even when I remember it, I am afraid and trembling takes hold upon me. Curse it O my Soul, forget not all its Injuries; Oh how much better is the House of Mourning! Their laughter shall be confounded and turned into Heaviness, while my tears shall Comfortably be wiped away. I will therefore ever weep, that I may not weep for ever.

As we Live so we Die.

40. **I**Nfallible it is, look to it, and you'll certainly see, that way the Tree inclineth while it groweth, that way it pitcheth when it falleth, and there it lyeth; whether it be towards the North or South. *Ut vita, finis ita.* As we are in Life, for the most part we are in Death, so we lye down to Eternity; whether it be towards Heaven or Hell. Being once fallen, there is no removing. *For as in War, An Error is Death; so in Death an Error is Damnation.* Therefore live as thou intendest to dye, and dye as thou intendest to live. O God of my Life, let the Bent of my Soul, the Bias of my Spirit be always running towards Thee, that so I may fall to Thee and ever rest with Thee.

The miserable End of Prosperous Wickedness.

41. *C*onclude you may, that Jordan, that famous River, runs thro' many pleasant Meadows, by many shady Groves and flowery Banks, and yet at last is forced to empty it self into (so conclude you may too) a Dead Sea: and not only so, but those fresh Brooks, those Chrystal Streams, (that made this famous River) lose both their Name and Worth, and are turned into the Dead Sea, even themselves: so, *even so it is* with a Wicked man here, he walks thro' the Meadows of Worldly Pleasures, and refreshes under the shades of Earthly Comforts and Sports, and Wallowes, (would you say Rolles) himself in and among the flowers of Carnal Delights, and at last runs himself into a dead Lake, and is turned or rather cast, thrown, hurld,) into Hell among the number of those that forget God; and not only so, but his very Heaven it self, which made all his Happiness, is turned into Hell, His Beauty into Horror, his Honour into shame, his Lusts into Devils, his Delicousness into Bitterness, and his Scarlet and Purple into fire and Brimstone, *so that what was his fresh Streams here, is his Salt Sea there.* O Holy, Righteous, Blessed God! and Father who in the Heavens! let me be a pure stream that may end in Heaven! had thy Christs Kingdom been meerly of this World, I would never have sought him so much as I have, and ever will tho' I be driven out of the World, or despitefully used in the World. I care not what Stony, Brimstony veins and channels I run or go, creep or pass, difficultly, darkly
dis.

mally thro' on Earth, so I may but there lose the Name of Weakness and Corruption for Glory and Perfection.

The Worldlings Folly and Madness.

42. **A** Day to an Age, what is it? And to Eternity, what is an Age? Ye do well know the shortest Day is part of the longest Time, but the longest Time is no part of Eternity, for where Time ends, Eternity begins: Why then are we so Foolish, so mad, to hunt after and to heap up Goods for Mortality, to lay up Wealth and Riches, which at longest are but for many Years, perchance not for many Hours, and yet to provide nothing for Eternity? And why are we so Thoughtful, so careful, to humor and uphold a Moulding peice of Clay, a frail and mortal Body, which cannot stand above an Age, Peradventure not above a Day, and yet neglect our precious Souls, our God's Born Spirit, which God is the immediate Father of, and which must endure for ever. Oh my God, Give me to write on this World *TEKEL*, thou art weighed in the Ballance, and art found wanting of any good for my Spiritual, my better and enduring Substance. O let my Affections be, and be set on Things above, my Comforts in Heaven, my hopes on High! Men, Brethren and Fathers, Saints, do we all aim at a Prosperous Life? Why then let us Labour for a Glorious Eternity.

No Happiness without Holiness.

43. **P**OSITIVE we are in this, no Place there is in this for entring any Peradventure, that is to say, *All Men would have Happiness for their End.* But (may we not sadly say too) *Few Men would have Holiness for their way.* All Men would have the Kingdom of Heaven, and the Glory thereof, but few seek the Kingdom of Heaven, and the Righteousness thereof. As that Noble Man being asked, what he thought of the Course of Precise Puritans (as the World then term'd them) or of the Life of Licentious Libertines? Answered, *Cum istis mallem vivere, cum illis mori*, I had rather live with these and dye with those. So most had rather live with *Balaam*, but dye with *Israel*; They would willingly have the Libertines ease, but the Godly Man's End. But this is certain, no Soul shall go to God in Death, but only that which draws near to God in Life: If the Kingdom of God be not first in us here, we shall never enter into the Kingdom of God hereafter: No Souls shall rest in Heaven, but those that walk in Heaven: No Soul shall enter into the Gates of Felicity, but only those that tread the Narrow Paths of Piety. O Righteous and Gracious God and Father make me Holy as well as Happy, that I may love as well to Glorify Thee, as to be Glorified of Thee.

The Delay of Repentance dangerous.

44. **P**LEASE to mind, and you will but too easily find, *There be too too many Morrow Christians,*

Christians, such I mean that set their Day with God. At such a Day they will Repent and not before, as if they had the Lordship of Time, and the Monopoly of Grace; Whereas (Helas !) Time and Grace are only at God's disposal : As St. *Ambrose* says, *Pœnitenti Indulgentiam, Dilaturo diem crastinum non Promisit*, God hath promis'd Pardon to the Penitent, but he hath not promised to Morrow to the Negligent. As B. *Augustin* saith. *Qui dat Pœnitenti Veniam, non semper dabit peccanti pœnitentiam*. He who gives Pardon to the Penitent, will not always give Repentance to the Peccant. If I put off God to Day, he may put me off too Morrow. If I put off this Hour of Grace, I may never have another Gracious Hour. To Day if I put by his Hand of Mercy, to Morrow he may stretch out his Hand of Justice. It is true, while I have Time I may come in; But it is as true, when I would come in, I may not have time. This is certain, when I Repent, I shall have Mercy, but this is as certain, that when I would have Mercy, I may not find Repentance. O God ! Thou who hast given me this Hour of Grace to Repent in, O my God give me Grace in this Hour to Repent with.

The Vanity of Human Life.

45. **R**uminate, O Mortal ! what a Shadow, dream of a Shadow is the Life of Man. What a nothing is it ? *The Time past*, that's nothing, like a Bird fled from the Hand of the owner. *The Time present*, that's vanishing, a running hour, nay less, a flying Minute, even as nothing. *The Time to come*, that's uncertain,

the Evening Sun may see us, yea, the next Clock may strike us Dead. Good God, O make me therefore in this Hour sure of Thee, for in the next I am not sure of my self. *Uno tantum gradu ego et Mors dividimur.*

The Life of Faith and Hope.

46. **O**Ne asking *Alexander*, when he had divided his Wealth among his Friends, what he had reserved for himself? Answered, Hope. He is a rare Christian indeed, who can part with all for Christ, and live by Faith. But when it comes to this, that we must lose all we have here, out of Hope (as we say) to find again in Heaven, the running Professor stops and goes back sorrowful. *Crates* in his way to Philosophy threw his Goods into the Sea to save himself, saying, *Ego vos Mergam, ne ipse mergar a vobis.* I had rather drown you, than ye should drown me. For he thought Riches and Virtue were incompatible. But how many Christians are there that in their way to Jesus Christ, throw away themselves and their Souls to save their Gold? Before they will cast their Bread upon the Waters, they will throw themselves into the Ocean. Many that make such specious shows of following Christ, in this same turning you may know their Master. *But this is a truth, He has no part at all in Christ, who will not part with all for Christ*, and he lives but the Life of Sense that cannot make a living out of a Promise. Therefore, O my God! of what I have, freely take Thou what Thou callest for: Jesus the Christ is my Portion and Reward. I have enough to live on.

A Christian's Treasure.

47. **B**Eholding the Treasures of Men, haply I see Chests of Plate ; Bags of Gold, Cabinets of Jewels, &c. but this is the Misery, that when the Man goes abroad he cannot carry them without a Burthen, nor leave them without a fear. But here now is the Excellence of a Child of God, that his Treasure is always in him, and it is his Happiness to carry it always with him, that as it is Transcendent for Riches, being the fulness of God, so it is likewise Permanent for Continuance, because he is filled with that fulness, insomuch that you may sooner rend his Soul from his Body, than take his Treasure from his Soul. This was that which sweetned the loss of Countrey House and Friends, to *Ovid* in his Exile the Thoughts of *Genius*, the Riches of his Ingenious Mind, his ingenious Spirit were beyond the Abundance of *Cæsar's* Malice. And this is that which refreshes the Spirit of a Christian in all Troubles and Afflictions, that he meets with in the Land of Banishment, he hath the Possession of Jesus Christ, whom he can never lose. Oh the Excellence of a Child of God ; tho' you cast him out of All, yet you cannot cast any thing of this All out of him. But as *Eias*, that Prince of a Philosopher said, when he lost his City, and was put to flight, being asked by those that fled with him, with their Bag and Baggage, why he likewise took not something with him, Answered, *Omnia mea mecum porto*, I carry all my Riches and Treasure with me ; meaning his Wisdom and Vertues : so a Christian, tho'

you Impoverish, Banish, Cast him out of all, yet he is able to say still, *Omnia mea mecum porto*, I carry all my Wealth and Treasure with me, I have my Christ, my Fulness; The World, whose scanty Measure is an Abomination to my Soul, and to all of whose Treasures my Heaven born Spirit saith not seldom (as Thou O Christ to the Jews) *Ye are of this World, I am not of this World*, adding that Heaven and Earth shall pass away, but not a Jod, *Iêta*, or tittle of *this Substance* shall pass away; tho' the Fig-tree do not bud, nor Fruit be in the Vines, tho' the labour of the Olive fail, and the Fields yield no Fruit, tho' the Flock be cut off from the Fold, and there be no Herd in the Stall, tho' *Moab* reproach, and *Ammon* revile, my Spirit can sustain its Infirmities; and thro' Christ (I speak as a Fool) Prosper too. And verily, O Christ my Lord, (who knowest that I love Thee) so Thou wilt possess me with Thy self, the All, I care not tho' I be dispossessed my self of all.

The Day of Grace.

48. **A**ffirm I may, I think with Truth, that Legal Days were but like Winter Days, Dark and Cloudy, Sharp and Stormy; and yet how many of our Fathers travelled to Heaven in those Days? But the Evangelical Gospel Days, they are like Summer Days, Sweet and Clear, full of Light and Beauty; so that we may truly say, that God hath not been as a Cloud of Darkness to us: For these are the Days of Grace, that are full of the Beams of Mercy: And yet how slowly and sadly do many of us go to Heaven? But which is worse, how sad and slightly do we waste these.

these precious days, and neglect these Golden Opportunities. Oh ! What time shall that Soul find to Repent in, that shall be harden'd in these melting times ? Oh ! what Days shall that Soul find to go to Heaven in, that Idles away these Gospel days ? Oh ! what Grace shall that Man find for Sin, that shall Sin away the day of Grace : Ah ! to whom shall that Soul appeal, that shall Renounce Jesus Christ. Ah ! Woe to that Soul for ever, upon whom the Shadow of Death, and of the Evening are stretched out, and yet never set forward to Heaven. But much worse and more woful is that Man, to whom the Clearer and Sweeter Day doth only make the Blacker and Sadder Hell. Oh ! what Blackness of Darknes is reserved for that Soul that shall walk in Darknes, under and in the midst of such Clearness of Light ? We are those who are not only lifted up to Heaven, but Heaven is let down to us. Oh ! Ah ! *How long shall that Man lye in Hell, whom Heaven presseth down ?* Oh ! thou Gospel Christian, thou who art under the clear Demonstrations of Christ, the sweet Invitations of Mercy; the large Manifestations of Love, look to it, Thou shalt go, either to Heaven or to Hell, on the easiest or the hardest Terms.

A Sixfold Voice of warning.

49. **T***Rue News ! but whether Good or Bad,*
 hear and judge you with me, who hear
 Six Voices crying aloud : The first Voice is
 of Dying Man, the second of the Damned,
 the third of my precious Soul, the fourth of
 Jesus Christ, the fifth of Evil Times, the sixth
 Voice is that of the Day of Judgment. First
 me-

methinks I hear dying Man, breathing out these Groans : Oh ! lose not a Moment of thy Time, for thy time is but a Moment. Now while it is (if it can be) called *Now*, this Non remainent and discontinuing, disappearing, this vanishing flitting, flying *Now*. Oh ! in this indivisible Point, the *puncto minus Now*, Oh ! Now make sure of Heaven, for thou knowest not how soon thou must leave the Earth : And methinks I hear the Damned roaring forth these Lamentations ; Oh ! come and see the end of Sin, in those that know no end of Sorrow ; Oh ! come and learn the price of Time, from those that must for ever suffer for the loss of Time. And then methinks I hear my precious Soul using these Expostulations, Oh ! my Body, what a Fool am I to satisfy thy Lusts, thou art but a Yesterdays upstart, a bit of dependency, a Result from thy nothing Mother Earth, and but for a Moment of time at most. But I must abide, remain, endure for evermore, when thou art wrapt up in Rottenness, where shall I spend my Everlastingness ? I may now get Heaven for my Mansion, Angels for my Companions, *Jekovah*, Jesus for my Possession, and dost thou think I will lose my Joy, Bliss, Felicity, to satisfy thy dainty, delicacy, Luxury. *Is it not better that I should carry thee with me to Heaven, than that thou shouldest carry me with thee to Hell.* And then methinks I hear Jesus Christ using these Invitations, Behold ! I stand at the door and knock, till my Head is filled with Dew, and my Locks with the Drops of the Night : Here I stand begging and weeping, knocking and waiting, Oh open to me ! my Tears beg, my Tears and Groans and Blood knock, Oh open to me ! my Patience Knocks and Waits ; Oh ! open

open to me, what, shall not my long suffering, my long long suffering prevail ? What, suffer me still to be shut out ? *Oh ! let not Sin lodge in thy Heart and Christ wait at the Door :* Let not Damnation play Rex, and Rule within, and Salvation stand and wait without ! And then methinks Evil Times use their Invitations, Oh ! now be living Christians, for these are dying Days. Oh ! now make Jesus Christ thine own, for thou knowest not what is thine own. And then lastly (that which is the last indeed) methinks I hear the Voice of the Arch-angel calling and summoning the Dead to come forth to Judgment. Arise ! ye holy Cloathed and Blessed Saints, take your places with God and his holy Angels to Judge the World. Arise ! ye Wicked, Naked and Cursed Souls, and take your standing in the sight of God, and of his Blessed Saints, to be Judged as ye lived in the World, Oh my Lord and my God ! Oh ! here let me hear with Fear the first Voices, that hereafter I may not fear to hear the last.

*The Pious and Zealous Soul's Choice
or Portion.*

50. **E**Ntertain, (as well Worthy of a Remark) the ensuing Maxim. *In every Choice, we cannot take unless we leave :* That Soul which chuseth Life and Grace refuseth all things else. This is the Heavenly Breathing of such a Holy and Gracious Soul, such a Pious and Gracious Spirit ; O my God come and Feed me thy Suppliant, with the Perpetuous Influence of thy pure Divinity, let thy Heavenly Highness, Sublime me to the Zenith, if possible, of thy Super Essential Deity. And here.

here, even now, if it may consist with the Council of thy Will, not only Ray, Beam and Warm me with thy Ardours, Flames and Powers, but likewise En-Heaven, Soul, Spirit me in Thy self. O Thou High and Lofty One, who inhabitest Eternity, condescend, who dwellest in Love and art Love, cause vehement Divine Love to penetrate thorowly, to Transmute, Figure, Form me, yea Unify me Eternally, with, to, and into thy most Blessed Son and most S. S. Self or thus let me go (with *Abimaus*) by the way of the Plains, and with some Contrite, Broken poor lowly Heart cry Lord! let vain Men follow vain Fashions; but Cloath me with Salvation, and cover me with Robes of Righteousness; let them be all Glorious without, but let me be all Glorious within: let them Crown themselves with Rosebuds, but Crown me, as Thou dost the Church, with the Stars of Heaven. These shall shine, when those shall fade, let the Wicked go away with the World, let them have all the delicacie, sweetness and deliciousness, Beauties, Glories and Excellencies of the Earth, but let Jesus Christ be my Portion! There, all things else are nothing at all, where Christ is All in all. Therefore be serious, O my Soul! *Thou hast none of Christ, till thou canst truly say none but Christ.*

A Threefold Awakening Consideration.

51. **D**O but Consider, O Christian! with me *three Things*, which should methinks make the Hearts of Christians to tremble; First, The brevity of their Life; Secondly, The difficulty of their Work; Thirdly, The Eter-

Eternity of their End. Our Life is but a Withering Flower, a flying Cloud, a vanishing shadow, a Dream of a shadow, a Perishing Breath. The Body Reverteth, goeth back to the Dust, and the Soul goes, nay, flies to its long home. The Night suddenly, instantly comes, when none can Work. But now what Work is to be in this short Inch of Time? Great Foes, Grand Enemies to be conquered, Sons of *Anak* to be killed, Principalities and Powers to be overpower'd, Dear Lusts to be subdued, Right Eyes to be plucked out, Right Hands to be cut off, Strict Rules to be followed, a narrow way and strait Gate to go through. To Sum it up, a long Race to run with a short Breath, a great way to go with a setting Sun. But then what are we to expect when this Taper is out, this Breath expired? even as we have sowed, so to reap, either Eternally to be Crown'd or Eternally damn'd. Now therefore before the Sun be set or the shadow of the Evening stretched out, whatsoever thy Hand findeth to do, do it with all thy Might. For there is no Work nor Devile nor Knowledge nor Wisdom in the Grave whither thou goest. Oh Good God! help me so to work for Thee in this Moment of Time, that I may for ever rest with Thee, when Time shall be no more.

*Prosperity a Grand Enemy to Bonitie:
Or, Adversity, not at all an Adversary
to Goodness.*

Sat Plene, si sat Bene.

52. **N**O WiseMan hitherto hath in any Age or Time asserted or said, that Wealth is the way to Heaven: That would go but rough and odd, whereas the contrary would run smooth and even. I will not care to be Prosperous and Rich, but to be Virtuous and Good. This only is that Treasure, that will not terminate; that Store that shall never have an end. Let me be *Opulent* in Bonitie, and I cannot complain of *Paupertie*. *He only is Poor, God loves no more.* He must carry his Goodness sincerely, incorrupted (I cannot safely say never uninterrupted) to his Grave, who will have it carry him to Heaven. The best way to live ever, is ever to live as the best. There is no way to Life Everlasting, like that of an Everlasting good Life. Believe it, it is not living at Ease or Random, in Pomp and Plenty, or with *Saul* in Mirth and Jollity, thinking with Musick to drive away the Devil, we should so live as we may have Joy of our Life, and be made Partakers of those Joys, and that Life that last for ever. It is (I easily yield) a hard Matter not to feel Poverty, a load, nor to find Prosperity a snare: But this Religion obtains us, that if we are not Richer than others, *Yet are we pleased to be Poorer*: And sure I am if my main Care be to live well, I shall not be miserably Poor: I will reckon that I may come to have but little, very little, but then my
Ac-

account is the less: If I have much, and do not more good, I shall add to my store but so much more Condemnation. What spake he, who spake as never man spake; How hardly do those that have Riches enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. Adversity, I grant, is adverse to Worldly Felicity, but not to worthy Bonity. Piety is often promoted by Pauperty, Trouble and Want do many times that which fair means cannot: I think many men had not been so bad, if they had been but Poor. It was the Opinion of a Person of Goodly Parts and Godly Learning, *That Solomon's wealth did him more evil, than his Wisdom did him good*: Wealth like knowledge puffs up, when want puts folk forward, and makes men flock (as their infirmities did many in the Gospel) to Jesus the Christ. I hear *Israel* praying in *Aegypt*, but wrangling in the Wilderness: when they were at their Brick-kilns, they would be brisk at their Oraisons, Hearty and humbly at their Orations, Adorations, yet no sooner were they at ease, but they were at odds (nay even at down-right) I should say down wrong wicked, quarrelling for their flesh-pots. I will never pray more heartily to God for his blessings, than for his Grace to use them, nor to take away nor lessen my adversities and miseries, but to give me more might to add to my strength, for tho' my afflictions be many and multiplied, so my strength be equal and proportioned, I still shall get by them. N. B. The stronger my Tryal and the Greater my pains, the Nobler and Greater will be both my Triumph and my Recompence.

The Soul and Spirits Triple Estate.

53. **B**lessed Saint !! sanctified Soul ! *Three things require thy reply*, call aloud for thy Answer, thy Answer for thy Praise.

1st. What wast Thou ? 2, art Thou ? 3. shalt Thou be ? 1st. What wast Thou ? A Rebel to thy God, A Prodigal to thy Father, A slave to thy Lust, An alien to the Common wealth of *Israel*. 2d. What art Thou ? A Son of God, Spouse of Christ, Temple of the Holy Spirit, Begotten of the Immortal seed, born of the Blood Royal of Heaven, made free among the Denizens of Sion, written and enrolled among the living of the New Jerusalem. 3. What shalt Thou be ? A Glorious Saint, A Companion of Angels, Cherubims and Seraphims; Archangels and Throne-ange's A Triumphant Victor, a Crowned King, and an attendant on the Lamb wheresoever he goeth, and a perpetual Spectator of those Soul ravishing, Spirit transporting Glories and ineffable Excellencies, that are in Jehovah Elohim, God Omnipotent, Omnivident, Omniprovident, Beholding the supreame King Eternal face to face, and enjoying immediate Communion with the Holy Hyperpanonimus Jesus the Christ, yea more being everlastingly Identified with him, *I mean made one with him for ever*, cloathed with his Excellencies, Enthroned in his Glories, Coronated with his Eternitie, and repleted and Completed with his Felicity, (so it is, and so it will, and so it must be:) The Glory which Thou hast given me, I have given them. O stand agast, amazed, astonished at the abundance

dant Mercie, free Love and Rich grace, *And seeing God, hath made thy Soul, thy Spirit a vessel filled with Favours, make thou thy self, thy life, A spring flowing with his Praises.*

The Loveliness of Christ.

54. **A**llow me to believe, you have heard of the Bloody Siege of *Troy*, and yet it was averred, reported, and recorded of *Hellen*, that she was so fair and beautiful, that she deserved ten Years War more. And what I pray was *Hellen*, but at the best a Glorious Heap of Clay? you have heard (and likely enough read too,) of the hard labours of *Jacob*, yet *Rachel* was so amiable in his eye that he thought her worthy of 14 years service. Now if these deserved so much, O what does Jesus the Christ! What deserves He? He who is altogether lovely, before whose shining Glory, the beauty of the whole Creation is but a Rude and undigested Chaos? Wherefore be not discouraged O my Soul! Tho' thy Enemies, thy Assaults cruel, and Resistance unto Blood? Thou hast a Beautiful Christ who deserves it. Neither be disheartened O my Spirit. Tho' Rules be strict, Duties hard and thy Labours Great; Thou serveest for an amiable Christ, who will sufficiently reward thee, Look out on the Loveliness, the most lovely Beauty of thy Lord Christ; Think but on the Glorious day of thine Espousal, and the fourteen years will be nothing to thee. Lord let me always have thy Beauty in mine Eye, so shall I find no Difficulties in my Hand.

The Pleasure of a Religious Life.

55. **N**O kind of Satisfaction could I formerly find in a Religious life, but with the World, I accounted the Spirit of a Christian to be a very Melancholy Spirit, and the ways of Holiness altogether unpleasant paths, all leading to the desarts of doleful retiredness. But now now I see they have hidden Manna, which the World knows not of, Glorious Joys, which strangers meddle not with, and the closer the exacter they walk, the fuller and the sweeter are their Joys: Formerly the very thoughts of parting with my Pleasures and Delights, to embrace Soul humbling. Self-denying duties, were grievous to me; But now I thank God I can with *B. Augustine* say, *Quam suave est suavitatibus istis carere.* Oh how sweet is it to want my former sweetneses! It is now my Joying and rejoicing to be without my former sweetneses, my sweetest Joys. For now I clearly see there is a Heaven in the way to Heaven. And that one look of Faith, one smile of Jesus, one Glance of Heaven, one Grape of *Canaan*, one Glimpse of the Crown of Glory, yeilds more content sweetness and solace, more delight, Joy, and satisfaction, than all the Caresses, entertainments and pleasure, all the Honours, Crowns and Dignities the whole World doth or can afford. What shall I say? Why I say, and in experience that the very Gleanings of Spiritual Joy is better than the vintage of Carnal Delight. Let no man then (who understand either what he does or saith) be shy of Religion and stand off for want of pleasure:

For

For here without all peradventure, he shall not lose them onely change them.

No satisfaction in the Creature.

56. **D**Iverse Conclusions were tryed, yet not one took but the last; The Fear of God. Oh my Soul! my Spirit! Thou mayst tire thy self with variety of Objects, yet none satisfies but this, The Fruition of thy God. He only is the primary and plenary Goodness. He only is the Efficient and Sufficient fulness. As it was said of Manna, that it was the delight of every Palate. So may it and much better may be said of Jesus, that he is the satisfaction of every Soul: Taste therefore and see how sweet the Lord is. What is the reason we wander after such variety of Creatures? because we cannot find satisfaction in one. Were one herb as virtual, or one Flower as delectable as the Collection, we would never trouble our selves to gather many. Take up then thy rest O my Soul in the chiefest and choicest Good, which comprehend all other Goods. Those Golden rays of Goodness, that lie scattered in the Creature are only to be found conjunctively in God. Those pure Ingredients which go in to, make up the highest excellence, largest goodness, fullest perfection, are only to be had Collectively in him. Knowest thou any thing that is Profitable, Delectable, or Desirable in the Creature? Thou mayst see, feel, and fully find it, yea eminentially have in thy God, his Christ, and his Word. Art thou Captivated? He is thy Lord Redeemer. Art thou wounded? He is the Good Samaritan

ritan. Broken heart ? Go with it to Christ, and He will bind it up Sick, He is thy Physician. Persecuted ? he is thy Refuge. Weary and heavy laden ? He is thy rest. Art thou in want, pauperty, penury ? He is an inexhaustible Treasury. Hungry or thirsty ? He is the Living Bread and the Flowing Stream. In Disgrace, or Contempt ? He is thy Crown, thy Honour. Art thou dull and heavy ? He is a quickning spirit. What wouldst thou be at, be or have ? wouldst thou have Grace and Holiness ? He is the Spring and Fountain. Heaven and Happiness ? He is the Pathway. He shall Guide thee by his Council, and receive thee to Glory. Let that man's name be written in the Dust, that leaves the flowing Fountain, to quench his thirst at a broken Cistern. Why should I weary my self to gather drops of Honey from so many dying flowers, when I can satisfy my self with streams of sweetness in the Living Jesus the Christ, Therefore Creatures, in this you and I must part ; for one Christ infinitely outbids you all.

*The Knowledge of Jehovah our God,
and Jesus Christ our Lord.*

57. **O** ! 'tis far beyond and above all speech and expression how a saint indeed may raise another Paradise here below ! how a Christian Compleat may make a lower Heaven on Earth. For what says the Word of God. This is life everlasting to know Thee the onely true God and Jesus the Christ.

Christ, whom thou hast sent, to know Christ in the Evidence of his love revealed to us, and Christ reveal'd in us is the Entrance of Heaven. For what is the perfection of Christ, but the fulness of his knowledge: and what is the consummation of Glory but the blessedness of this fulness? Therefore O Thou God, and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, be every way adding to my knowlege, especially of the Holy One, that so even in this day my knowledge may be holy, and at my last day I my self may be among the Spirits of Just men perfectly Holied.

Divine Love.

53. **F**itly may it be said, Godly sorrow, like weeping Mary seeks Christ, saving Faith like wrestling Jacob finds and holds Christ, Heavenly love like the Affectionate spouse, dwells with Christ, here it brings him into the Chambers of the Queen, and hereafter the Loving soul, into the Chamber of the King. So that is an everlasting Grace, alway lodging in the Bosom of Christ. Lord Christ and King of Glory, thou art the desire of my heart and Soul, mind and spirit. A whole Christ for my whole man! O that I could so seek Thee, find Thee, ever love Thee, that I may ever enjoy Thee.

Godly Sorrow.

59. **T**He Stream of Sorrow, like water ascend no higher than the Spring from whence it came. We are not ignorant of the two bloody

bloody stabs which sin gives. The first is at the Soul of Man, The second is at the Heart of Christ. Now if the first stab only, grieves, if I mourn for sin as it only wounds my Soul. It is a sign that the stream flows but from a Natural Heart, because it ascends to a Natural height. But if I weep for sin, as it hath wounded Christ, as it hath shed that Blood, that that would save me, as it hath pierced that heart that would love me, then no question but the spring is in Heaven, because it riseth up to a supernatural ascent. Lord God, that my Soul may be sorry, may be found, pierce my heart for sin, as it strikes through my Soul and pierces Christ.

*Jesus the Christ to be Preferred, Prized,
beyond, Esteemed, Valued, and Exalted
far above all.*

60. **H**OW often and truly is it said by every One, *My life is sweet*, but my Jesus must be sweeter than my life, my Soul is pretious but Christ must be dearer to me than my Soul. My salvation is much very much; but Jesus the Christ must be more, my Saviour much more to me than my salvation: The Holy Highly exalted Hyperpanomous Jesus must be loved above all. Were there no Arms of Mercy to receive me, no Heaven of Bliss to entertain me, nor weight of Glory to crown me, yet, yet, Jesus the Christ, must be loved above and without these. As it is a sign of a base Carnal love to follow Jesus for the Leaves. So it is of a base mercenary love to seek Je-
sus

hus for a reward. *That is but an adulterous affection, that affects the present more than the Person ; That loves the Ring more than her Beloved ; That Choice cannot be Cordial that aims only at the Portion: that love not real that only eyes the Benefit.* O Lord thou art all in and over all, most lovely and amiable in thy self: O that I could esteem, exalt, and love thee for Thy self.

The right Performance of Duty.

61. **E**steem this ensuing practice Truth, and before thou address't thy self to God, say, believe, or think, I must not venture on a Duty, unless I bring God to it, nor rest satisfied unless I carry God from it, Hear St. *David's* Council and Precept: Oh seek Jehovah and his strength, seek his Face evermore! Be sure thou rise not from the Duty, before the Countenances of God rise in mercy on thy Soul. It must be Jehovah Jesus who must fit thee, and Jehovah Jesus, who must meet thee, or else it will be no ordinance of Comfort to thee: what is the Chariot if thy beloved be not in it? Then hear Divine *Bernards Practice.* Lord I never come to thee, I never go from thee, but with thee. Oh blessed be that Soul, that never hears, confers, reads Prayes, Meditates, Contemplates, nor receive but carries God to all, enjoys God in all, brings God from all. O my Lord and my God! In all my approaches to thee, let me go out in thy strength, and come in again in thy presence.

The Indwelling of Sin.

62. **K** Now I not to my great shame and Confusion of face. *O my Soul, my Soul!* that Thou art always striving, yet sin always stirring. Thou fearest the Truth of Grace, because thou findest the working of sin. But it will be thus always. Thou canst not come out of *Aegypt*, but *Amalek* will lay wait in the way. The flesh will be sure to trouble thee, tho' it be never able to conquer thee. He therefore that sits down and is at rest in sin, it is a sign that Satan is there, The strong One, because his Kingdom is at peace. But where there is any work with Christ, there will be always War with sin. I know that while I live sin will have its Being in my Mortal Body; The Ivy will still be twisting about the House, there is no destroying of it, till the Wall falls. *Sin was the womb of Death, and only Death must be the Tomb of Sin.* God would have my Soul humbled, therefore tho' he hath broken my Prison, yet hath left my chain on my feet. God would have my Graces exercised; Therefore tho' he translated me, into the Kingdom of life, yet he hath left the *Cananite* in the Land. God would have my Faith actuated exercised; Therefore *Goliath* appears still, shews himself in the Field, that so I might make out to the Name of the Lord. I will therefore unbuckle *Saul's* Armour, humble my own abilities, and betake me to the power of the Lord, the strength of Christ. Thus tho' I cannot help the *Rebelling* power of sin, yet shall I always hinder the *Reigning* power of sin. As it shall be my Grief
be,

because sin will have its Being; so it shall be my care it may never have its Thriving. To be brief, tho' sin may live in me; yet I will never live in Sin.

Satans Temptations.

63. **I** must not pray simply against Temptations tho' I may safely against the evil of Temptations; For a Christian may be tempted and yet not conquered. A Castle may be assaulted and yet not taken. If Satan inject an evil Motion, and I reject it, this is not mine, but the Devil and Satan's fault. This shall be my shining Jewel in my Crown of Victory; and as an aggravating Item in his Account at the day of Judgement. Why art thou so terrified at the roaring of a Lyon, as if he could not rage, but he must Devour, or as if Grace and Temptations were *adversaria* could not stand together? as if the same afflictions were not accomplished upon thy Brethren! *This is an undoubted Truth*, that spiritual wickedness are to be found in the Heavenly places; and this is *an excellent sign*, that Satan takes thee for One, who will tread upon his Head, when he sees thee so violent to bruise his heel: And there is a *Comfortable assurance*, that if Jesus the Christ be thy Captain to lead thee in, He will be thy Champion to bring thee out: So that temptation shall be a file to polish and beautify thy Soul and Spirit, and a sword to stab and wound thy Antagonist and Adversary. *For my part*, I know Satan will be always tempting: Therefore I will be always watching, and what I cannot hinder, that I will be sure to hate: So shall it be my Joy to fall into Temptation, and the Devils woe to fall into his own Pit.

A Christian's support under afflictions.

64. **N**ot a little proudly as well as well as stoutly was it said by *Cæsar*, crossing (*incognito*) the Sea in a small Bark, and that in a great Storm and Tempest, (when they were even ready to be swallowed up of the waves,) perceiving the Courage of the Pilot to fail; *Confide scias Te Cæsarem vebere*; Fear nothing for thou carriest *Cæsar*. How truly may a Gracious Spirit say in the midst of Desertions, Afflictions and Tribulations, Fear nothing O my Soul thou carriest Jesus the Christ. What tho' the Windows of Heaven be open for a storm, or the fountains of the deep broken up for a flood, Desertions from above, Afflictions from below, yet God who sits in Heaven, will not cast away his Son: *Christ who lives in me, will not let me sink*. The swelling waves, I know are but to set me nearer Heaven, and the swelling Deeps, I am sure are but to make me awake my Master; Prize thy Christ, they shall not drown, therefore cannot daunt thee. For while I sail with Christ, I am confident I shall (*and well I may for I am sure to*) land with Christ.

The Decrease of Grace.

65. **G**reatly Advantageous is O Soul! This observe: if Satan cannot hinder the Birth of Graces, then he labours to be the Death of Graces. This too Ordinary to see a Christian lose his first Love, and to fall from his first Works, This love that
was

was formerly an Ascending Flame, always sparkling up to Heaven, is now like a little spark, almost suffocated, even as it were choaked and smothered with Earth, the Godly Sorrow that was once a swelling Torrent, like *Jordan*, over flowing the Banks, is now like *Job's* Summer Brooks, which makes the Traveller ashamed. His proceedings against Sin, once Furious, like the March of *Jehu* against *Ahab*, is now like *Sampson*, he can sleep in *Delilah's* Lap, while she steals away his Strength. Before he could not give Rest to his Eyes, till God had given Rest to his Soul, but now he can lie down with Sin in his Bosom and Wounds in his Conscience. At first his Zeal did eat him up; but now Decayings have eaten up his Zeal. *How is thy Excellence, O Christian, departed from thee!* How is thy Crown fallen from thy Head? What a dangerous Breach hast thou made for the Entrance of Sin and Sorrow? Temptations find thee Naked, and leave Thee Wounded. The Graces that were like the Worthies of *David*, who could break through an Host of Enemies, and draw Water at the Wells of Salvation, are now like Soldiers that followed *Saul*, They are trembling with Thee. Thou hast Potent Enemies, but Impotent Graces, often assaulted, but easily vanquished, and as thy glorious Sun is setting, so are dismal Clouds arising. Thou, O Christian, art decreasing in Thy Graces, and God is declining in his Favours. Thou drawest off from Communion with the Saints, and God draweth off from Communion with Thy Soul. Thou offerest up Thy Sacrifices without the Fire of Zeal, and He answers Thy coldness in the Fire of His Wrath. Briefly, Thy Spirit has no Delight in God,

G

and

and God's Soul has no Pleasure in Thee. And as there is bad News from Heaven, so there is sad News from Conscience; what Trembles of Heart? What astonishes of Soul? What disputing against Mercy? What Questionings of Salvation will Thy wounded Conscience and bleeding Spirit raise? What Flashes of Lightning, what Claps of Thunder will break out upon Thy Soul and Spirit, when the Hot pangs of Death shall be wrapped up in Chill Scruples and cold Dispairs of Salvation! As I will therefore draw out my Soul to praise God for Grace implanted: So will I likewise put out my Strength to serve God by Grace improved, that as every Hour sets me nearer the Grave: So every Act may set me nearer Heaven.

The Picture and Peril of Hypocrisy.

66. *Seest Thou a Waterman, he is the exact Resemblance of an Hypocrite, that goeth the quite contrary way to what he seems, and looks not at the Place he goes to. But let me be one of the Children of the most High (who will not Dissemble, cannot Lye) even always seem what I be, and be what I seem: For how else can one ever be converted! as I never read that an Hypocrite was: And indeed how should he possibly be that Converts Conversion it self into Sin; Or thus, An Hypocrite is like Janus, he carries two Faces under one Hat or Hood: Or rather as Judas that under an Humble Obedience hides Treason, betrays his Master with a Kiss, an Incarnate Devil little less; Or else thus, An Hypocrite is the Devil's Servant in God's Livery, and therefore out of Favour both*

both in Heaven and Earth. For Man sees his Livery and therefore hates him; and God sees his Heart and therefore will not own him. Men behold his Sanctity and therefore deride him, and God his Hypocrisy, and therefore abhors him. *So that he travels in the Wilderness and yet shall never rest in Canaan:* When he comes to cast up the Sum of all his Labours; this he shall find to be the Sum, instead of that Blissful Sentence of Approbation, well done good and faithful Servant, he shall have the Direful Sentence of Detestation, who hath required this at your Hands? *In Sum,* He is a Man that Steals his Damnation, and sweats to get Hell. So that the openly Prophane, and cunningly Hypocritical meet together at last, *only with this Difference in the way;* the one goeth through the Gate, the other stealeth through the Postern. Thus he that so cunningly deceived others, doth at last as foolishly beguile himself. *Therefore,* while the Hypocrite Cloaths himself with Formality, O God, Cloath thou me with sincerity; it may be Men may Hate me, but I care not, so God love me; my Duties may be full of Grand Imperfections, but yet they shall never want a Gracious Acceptation, My way may be in Trouble, yet my Rest shall be in Glory.

The Evil of Sin.

67. **C**Hristian Soul! Doth Sin present it self; *Look on it as it must be in Tears, or shall be in Torments,* If thou committest the least Sin and Dyest impenitent, Thy Soul is lost and Thy Redemption ceases for ever; or if thou committest this Sin and dost Repent,

yet what Cloudiness of the Face of God !
 What Breakings of the Bones with *David* !
 What bitter pangs ! What painful Throws !
 What shadows of Death ! What Terrors of
 Hell will seize on thee, before thou canst
 make thy Peace, and feel thy assurance ! Know,
 O Soul, know that God doth not always at
 the first grant holy Persons Prayers, nor Tears
 but does exercise their vigilance, and excite
 their Importunity, and confers on them
 perseverance in their Course of Sanctity, and
 practise of Piety as a *Premium* to their vehe-
 ment vigilance and intense importunity in
 Prayer, Supplications and strong Cries for it.
 Not that I, the while do deny the Grace of
 Perseverance in the Elect, to bring them to a
 most firm and infallible degree of Beatitude.
But what of all this ? Wilt thou give way
 to sin, because it is Delectable, Pleasurable,
 or because Remissible, Pardonable ! who (pray
 tell me) loves Poison, because it is sweet ! or
 who drinks Poison, because he may have an
 Antidote ; seeing it will deadlily work to his
 Torment, if it work not out his very life !
 I have a precious Soul, shall I lose it for a
 lust ? I have a Gracious God ; shall I venture
 him for a Sin ! *No sure.* I will always reject
 that for which I am sure to lose my Peace ;
 likely to lose my Soul.

The Plague and Peril of Security.

68. **O**Bvious and unopposed is this Obser-
 vation, that *as great serenity of Wea-
 ther is a præ sage of an Earthquake and Whirl-
 wind ; So great security of life is a prædict of
 the Souls Earth-quake and Hurrican, of the Spi-
 rits*

rits Tremble and astonish, its Terror and Horror.
 He that takes up formality, and sits down in Security; he that laies his Foundation in the sand and there raises his building, the fall of that House will be great. And *you may observe* that Person which is brought out of open profaness into outward Profession, that hath taken down the frame of his gross iniquity to set up a superficial form of Piety, that hath covered his face with the surface of Religion, no Soul is subject to fall into the sleep of Death as such a Soul. For while he thinks himself well, he seeks not to be better: So that he slumbers away his Time, till the Cry at Midnight, and then he startles, and awakes, and sees nothing, but the Bridge of Mercy drawn up, and the Gates of Heaven shut in. See with what Confidence, the Formalists in the Gospel come to Christ. They come under the Relation of Servants, and therefore they call upon him as Master, Lord! Lord, have we not prophesied in thy Name, and in thy Name cast out Devils &c. *They made no question* of their Salvation, but shew their Works; As if thereupon they would command their Wages. But hear, Christ's Answer, then will I profess unto them; I never knew you. What Lord! Never knew us! that's strange, Have we not Read, Heard, Preach'd thy Word, conferred with, and comforted too, thy Members, and prayed to thee, and done many things to and for thy Name, and many things by and in thy Name, and yet didst not thou never know us? No says Christ, *I never knew you*, but with an utter and Absolute Rejection. I never knew you, I never did approve you in all your specious ways, and Glorious Shews, wherein you did so Pride
 G 3 your

your selves : Because all was in formality and nothing in sincerity. Therefore Depart from me. They little thought of such a doleful Expulsion, such a Direful separation ! And *thus the out-side Christian*, because he hath reformed in many things, and doth conform to many Duties, therefore with *Agag*, he concludes the Bitterness of Death is past. So he cloaths himself with smooth Imaginations, strong Presumptions, and Deceitful apprehensions, till He is hewn asunder before the Lord. I will not therefore in the least duty be formal, nor secure, but with the Wise and Blessed man will be always fearing, *For I had rather Tremble here than Startle in Hell.*

The Heavenly Traveller.

69. **L** *Et me see*, what Heir Travelling to take Possession of a Rich Inheritance; lets either a Green Meadow, or a Pleasant Garden detain him, or a Black Cloud, or a foul way dishearten him ! O Soul, Soul ! Thou art Traveling to take Possession of a Glorious Inheritance ; wilt thou turn aside to crop every Flower; Will thou stand still to hear every Melodious Sound. Leave thy way to drink of every Gliding Stream of Carnal Pleasure ? What is this but to view a Meadow and lose a Mannor ? For a dying Flower to part with an Immortal Crown ? For to get a Fading vanity, and to forget a never fading felicity ? To go out of the pure way of Sion, to gather one of the putrid Apples of Sodom ? *Or else* O my Soul, my Spiritual, my Better and enduring Substance what

what if thy way be in Sobs and Groans, and thy Day in Sorrow and Tears ; all clouded the Sky, and a Swelling Sea ; so that not only the lading of the Ship, but Thy very Life is in Jeopardy, in extream Dangers, yet here's enough to Comfort thee, that a Good Father, and large Portion, a sweet Rest, and an Everlasting Refresh will make amends for all. Therefore vain World promise not, for I will make no Deviation, because my way lyes to purer Comforts and surer Glories: Vexing World threaten not ; For I will make no retardation, because I am in my Pilgrimage a wayfaring Man tarrying for a Night, or rather a Sojourner baiting in the Day (a whet and away) travelling to my Father, my Countrey, my Happinefs.

Content the best Riches.

70. **L**O! nay more ; *Hear* an experimental Truth that Merits a Singular Remark.  *As the Heart is, so is the Estate.* Riches are but Cyphers ; it is the Mind that makes the Sum. What am I nearer for a great Estate, if I be not contented with it ? O how great a Happinefs there is in Content ? O how Contented is he who is Happy ? Desires of having will not make Happy, but will quickly eat up all the Comforts and Delights in having or possessing. Therefore that Alexander *that wants Content, is worse than that* Diogenes, *who is Contented with his want.* It argued a Rich Mind in Socrates that Moral Philosopher when walking through a Market, and beholding the Varieties of good Commodities, yet could say, *Quam Multis Rebus ego no egeo.* How many things

things do I not want. But a Richer Mind by much in the Disciples, who with a sweet Complacency of Spirit could acknowledge that as having nothing, yet possessing all Things, as having nothing yet possessing All, *Lords of themselves tho' not of Lands.* Being wholly freed from Servile Bands of Hope to rise or fear to fall. Thus I see all would be well if my Heart were well. *I will therefore have my Heart according to my Estate, so shall I have an Estate according to my Heart.*

The Different Estate of Good and Bad Men.

71. **E**xcellently saith one; When I remember *Job* sitting on a Dunghill, *John* Hungering in the Wilderness, *Peter* hanging with his Heels upward on the Gibbet, *then I think* how severely will God punish hereafter those Reprobates, those vile ones whom he hates. If he deal so sharply with his Elect, His Choice ones, whom he loves. If he do so much to his Diamonds, Jewels, Beloved Friends in the time of Grace, what will he do to the Bryars, Thorns, his professed Foes in the Day of Judgment. Ye therefore that Deride the Miserys of the Saints, O turn your Jeers into Fears, for Hell sparkles out on Earth. *On the contrary, O God!* When I consider *Herod* in his Pomp, *Haman* in his Honour, *Ahasuerus* in his Feast, &c. *Then I think*, if God drop so much into a Vessel of Wrath, what will he pour into a Vessel of Mercy. If God do so much for a Slave on Earth, what will he do for a Son in Heaven? *Therefore ye Holy ones who are offended at the Flourishing of*

of the Wicked ; Ah ! leave your Envy and see,
Oh see your Glory, for Heaven lies above
Ground. As the Adversity, therefore of the
Saints, shall give me a Glympse of Hell, so
the Prosperity of the Wicked shall give me a
Glance of Heaven.

The Priviledge of the Elect.

72. **D**Oth not the Sacred Text tell us almost
in *Terminis*, that God made all things
for the Elect, and the Elect for himself. For
what saith the Scripture, speaketh it not on
this wise, saying, *All are yours, and ye are
Christ's, and Christ is God's. Here, O ye Godly
Learned !* Behold clearly even by Ocular De-
monstration in the Veins of Divinity as well
as of Humanity, an uncontroverted and uni-
versal Circulation. I will therefore, seeing
the most high God will not give his Glory to
another, but hath made all things for his Elect,
His Choice ones, and his Elect for his most Sa-
cred self, *now and ever* choose to Glory in a
Holy Violent, and withal constant and full pur-
pose of Heart to serve my God in all Things
and my self in nothing.

All Good derived from God.

73. **G**RANT it we must, as a Truth never
to be denyed or doubted, *and 'tis this,*
The Creature hath a Goodness in it no farther than
it stands in reference to the chiefest Good : If you
cut the Stream off from the Fountain, it will
quickly lose its Sweetness and pureness, and
it self at length. Comforts and Possessions
of

of the Wicked, because they Flow not from the Spring of Love, they are but like Dainty Channels, Mudded and Imbittered with the Wrath of God, fading Brooks, which at length will make the Soul ashamed; so that he, *which bath only the Creature in it self, shall lose the Creature and himself.* The purest and sweetest Mercies only run in the Rivulets which are fed by the upper Cœlestial Springs of Mercies. Therefore, O my God, whatsoever I have for my self, for my use, let it flow from the Fountain of Thy Love, and Flow to me in the Blood of the Son of Thy Love.

Blessings from God must be used for God.

74. **E**ven so it is, and ought to be O my Soul! (*viz.*) as the Rivers which flow from the Sea, run back again into the Sea: So those Blessings which come from God, must always be imployed for God. What I have recieved from God in his Mercy, He must have reverted to his Glory. Therefore by whatsoever means Instruments and second causes, it pleaseth thee O God, to confer and convey any Good thing to me, let me semably, suitably, and answerably ever send back to Thy Self the Honour of it, find thee in it, and serve thee with it.

God to be loved for himself.

75. **O**vious it is to an Ordinary Eye, that Love should alway be the life of Motion. *Amor meus pondus meum, eo feror quocunque feror.* That Soul goeth true, that bath

hath true love to weigh it; and that Soul loveth truly, that hath a truly good Object to center it. *A Gracious Spirit loves God not so much because He doth Good, but because he is Good*, I will not weigh that friends affection, that loves a fluent sweetness, before an inhærent goodness. There is strength enough in a Saints Love to move and constrain his Soul to love Christ for himself, tho' you take away all Weights else whatsoever. O Blessed be that Saint, that Soul, Lord I who is so taken with Thy Love as to say *and truly say*, were there neither Heaven nor Hell, yet Sin should be my Hell, and Holiness my Heaven.

Life but a Lingring Death.

76. **F**Reely and fully to speak the Truth,
Our life, what is it but a vital Death?
The Poet being asked What he did? Answer'd very well, *Paulatim Morior*, I dye by little and little, We do but then begin to live indeed, when we begin to live to God: Our life before is but a Race to the Sepulchre. But when we live to God, then we are in our way to Eternity. As *Alexander* when he reckned up his Age, counted not his years, but his Victoryes; so when I take an account of my life, I will not reckon up my Time but my Duties.

God to be seen in his Creature.

77. **M**Ark, O Curious and inquisitive Soul!
Hark! O intellectuall and Divine Spirit!
and Hear, Know, Believe and Practise
this

this sound, singularly, solacing, and universally experienced, and publickly acknowledg'd Truth, say, *The soul takes its rise from every Creature to the Creator.* Whom the Heavens, yea whom the Heaven of Heavens cannot contain, even The high and lofty One, who inhabiteth Eternity, *yet behold with Wonder,* How He boweth Himself to come down to Heaven, making it his Throne, and the Earth his Footstool; where when I consider the Creatures Vegetative, Sensitive, and Rationative, Methinks, the thrice Holy, Blessed, and Glorious Deity seemeth to have designed them *as so many stairs* for us; whereby to ascend unto Coelestial Contemplations, the many Mansions, thro' those abodes in God the Fathers house, yea into the very Conception (not to say Cognition) of his Holy Heart, and Divine Nature *in a great measure.* And when I consider, and discern 'twixt the stairs (above mentioned) as it were certain *half paces* in the sensible Plants, much lessening the step, and easing the ascent to sacred mental musings, and Holy thoughts of Mind, about the order of Essences, the scale of Degrees in Beings, I cannot but with fuller view Contemplate the Grand Condescensions of the most High and Only Wise Godhead to the meanness and lowness of poor mortal Capacities.

Now again when I consider how it is in the Nature of all Agents, Natural or Moral, with Submission to Masters and more Correct Judgments, to Assimilate I mean, to make others like themselves (either by proper Efficiency, their own Working, or by Council, or Moral Invitations.) Oh! how does every thing (all being Created Good) directly or at least reflexly.

flexly, Manuduct, lead me by the Hand, (even by the Hand as it were) to Good, to Happiness, Heaven, God ; Oh, how by the Advantage of outward things only, how is God enquired after, and after a very little Groping (to use that Word of our Apostle) found, yea, and in some sweet refreshing satisfying sort, understood, seen, felt : For he is not far from every one of us and our Souls. O Souls ! Hear ye not the Voice of Nature, how loudly it Cries out a God ? Oh, the large indications Jehovah *Ælohim* hath given of the Immenfity of his Goodness, Wisdom and Power in making the World, and having furnished the same with Works of Wonder. *Men, Brethren and Fathers !* Schools, Pulpits and Academies ! When shall it once be that we totally reduce Philosophy and Theology from Airy, Opinionative, Talkative, to Solid Experimental and Demonstrative ? *How easily* do the Rivers teach us readily to run to the Ocean : And we well know (who are *Christi-Biblians*) those Persons who by a less light found a greater, even by a Star (if that Light were not an Angel, as the Greek Church guesses) the Sun of Righteousness, the Lord and King of Glory, the Son of the Living God. But now when I come farther *and consider* the least Miracle ; Oh ! Oh ! how full of Wonders are my whole Man, my Spirit, Soul and very Body.

The Worker of every true Miracle, I say not of every Wonder, is apparently *neither more nor less* than solely and wholly Almighty. *Again, when I consider* and come home my self, or rather to the Earth (out which I came and to which I go again,) what good bearing Ground have I to stand upon, and to Gather and Draw

H there-

therefrom, and the Innumerable Ingredients going to the being and well being thereof? No less than the Impossibility, Incompossibility of its having a Creator, Formator, Extractor, less than Immense, Infinite, Omnipotent. Shall, can or dare I then make Earthly things only Lunets to shut up my sight, and not at least Spectacles to transmit the Things to some Spiritual, Holy or Heavenly Objects. *What shall I say when I consider what St. Job bids me (If I be still Ignorant and Blindfold) do, to ask of the Beasts, and they shall teach me, the Fowls of the Air, and they shall tell me, or speak to the Earth and it shall teach me, &c. Who knoweth not in all these things that the Hand of the Lord hath wrought. His Works are Honourable, and saith St. David, He made wonderful Works to be Remembered, and his great Works are sought out of all them that have pleasure in them: Yea, let the Kings of the Earth and all People, &c. Praise the Name of the Lord, for His Glory is above the Earth. Should this fail, the Royal Prophet proceedeth, saying, Praise the Lord from the Earth (which at his Command was Created;) ye Dragons, and all Deeps, Fire and Hail, Snow and Vapour, Stormy Winds fulfilling his Word, Mountains and Hills, Fruitful Trees and tall Cedars, Beasts and all Cattle, Creeping things and Feathered Fowls: O Earth, Earth! Praise thou the Name of the Lord, who made Thee and Established Thee for ever, O Praise and Magnifie Jehovah, who maketh Grass to grow upon the Mountains, giveth Snow like Wool, scattereth the Hoar Frost like Ashes, casteth his Ice like Morfels, sendeth out his Word and melteth them, causeth his Wind to blow and the Waters to flow; Gathering the Waters into the Sea, and thence*
ma-

making apparent, or for to appear, the dry Land. The Continent, and Islands, *Peninsula's* and *Isthmus*, Semi Islands and Necks of Lands, Peaks and Promontories, lofty Grounds and lowly Valleys, Delightful, Useful, Arable, Meadows, Woods, Coppise, Corn, Grass, Herbs, Flowers (in their Verduers, Vertues, Qualities,) for Food, Pleasure, Medicine, together with the Pleasant Plants, Serviceable Shrubs, and stately aspiring Trees, for Fruit, Wine, Oyl, Spices, Gums, or for Timber, as likewise, the Subterraneous Treasures, Things not venturing to come up to the Superficies, Surface, upper Parts of our Mother Earth, as Coals, Stones, Precious Stones, Metals and Mineral, in Company with many and manifold as yet undiscovered Riches and Rarities wrapped up in her Bowels, *All which* force me to cry out with him, O shout ye lower Parts of the Earth (standing in the Water, and out of the Water) made to become *the dwelling, Nurse, and Grave of Man*. O Lord, How manifold are thy Works, in Wisdom hast thou made them all, the Earth is full of thy Riches? *Again, when I consider* the Sea (the Waters, Wells, Ponds, Pools, Lakes, Rills, Rivulets, Brooks, Springs or Fountains, Rivers, Floods, to say nothing of the Waters above the Heavens, the Bottles of Heaven open'd, or so much as of Showers, Rains, Mists, Sleet or Dew) *O, Oh!* How many Meditations do naturally flow as it were thence, O my Soul! Nor can I easily pass by strong Waters (going by no less Name than *Aquæ Vitæ*) how they are drawn out of the Dregs of small Beer, yea out of the Droppings of Dead Beer, even by Common Distillers; what things then could a Curious Chymist, what a Compleat Alchymist?

Yea, but the Alchymightimist (excuse the
 expreffion I entreatyou) who is *All and in All*,
 and doth whatsoever he pleaseth in Heaven and
 in the Earth, and in the Deep Waters, making
 them to bring forth abundantly, the mo-
 ving Creature that hath life, and the Fowl
 that flyeth above the Earth, in the face of the
 Firmament of Heaven; Whales and every
 living Creature after his kind, in this Great
 and wide Sea, wherein there are creeping things
 innumerable, both great and small Beasts:
 There go the Ships, there is that Leviathan
 &c. As in the 104th Psalm which in the Christ-
 ian cannot but Create satisfaction and admiration.
Again when I consider the Air, this is my
 thought, that as here I cannot breath at all
 no nor think, unless I draw in this Air, so I
 cannot think well at all; unless, thou O God,
 puttest goodness into my Thoughts. *And*
when I consider, the moving of the Air, I
 would say of the Wind, whether East, West,
 North, &c. Which for all the Names given
 to it in the Mariners Compass, or Seamans
 Card, (as I call it) no man knoweth whence
 it cometh and whether it goeth; But yet
 bloweth (where God willeth, as I believe, and
 not, I humbly conceive,) where it listeth,
 How can my Spirit, but awake my thoughts,
 and those my Words as the Disciples did
 our Lord, who *rebuked the Wind* and the Sea,
 and there was a great Calm,) and say as
 those in Company with the Disciples, What
 manner of Man is this, that even the Wind
 and Sea obey Him. But what shall I say,
when I consider the Heavens the Works of
 Gods hand, the Moon and the Stars which
 he hath Created, how can I but say and sing
 with St. David in that his Nocturn Contem-
 plation

plation: O Lord! our Lord! How excellent is thy Name in all the Earth! Whose Glory the Heavens declare, and the very Firmament (that visible Azure expanse, or Blue outspread, or as elsewhere called molten-Glass) sheweth the Handy-work of thee O Jehovah, who likewise hast set thy Glory above the Heavens, even these Heavens, where the Holy Hyperpanonomous Jesus the Holy Spirit, the Glorious Angels and Glorified Saints are now resident. *More particularly when I see the Stars, O God! Think I, if one Star be of such a Magnitude, what are the Dimensions of those Heavens in which so many Stars are fixed: Yea how Immense is that God who made these Stars, and those Heavens, and the Heaven of Heavens, and whom they all cannot contain. Again when I see the Sun (from all the Stars are Conceived by Philosophers to borrow their light;) I thus think, If one Sun make such a Glorious day, what a transcendently Glorious and Illustrious Heaven will that be, where every Saint shall be a Sun, and every Sun so far brighter than this, as this is brighter than our Bodies; And yet all these Suns are but shadows of the sun of Righteousness! Again when I consider the rising Sun how by the perfection and projection of his Rays and Beams, puts Being, Life, and Joy, in the face of the whole Creation: Paints the Flowers, Gilds the Corn, puts a flourish upon the Plants, exhilarates, and exceedingly cheers the Animals, makes the Birds chirpingly Merry, yea sing Hymns and Anthems to their Maker, spreading his Light like Cloth of Gold, over the Air and Earth, causing the Vallies to shout for Joy, and even the very Heaven it self to smile; then I think what shall be the shining Beauty,*

and ravishing delights of that Soul, upon which the Brightness of thy Glory, shall fully. Rise and Rest; and into which the Glorious Splendor of thy Beauty shall clearly Beam and illustriously shine to all Eternity. *Again when I view* the variety of thy Gifts to and in the Creatures, and see one excell in Beauty, another in Swiftnes, another in Strength, some in Charity, Love, Bignity, others in sincerity. integrity, uprightness, some in Justice, others in gratitude, One in verity, another in veracity, some in Wit and ingenuity, others in Diligence and Industry, one in Phansy and Memory, another in Science, and Conscience, some in transcendent Sapience, other some in profound prudence, &c. *O God then I think*, these are but Beams of thy Brightness, streams of thy fulness, as they had only their Being from thy hand, so they have only their perfection in thy Being. Here they are mixt, but there they are pure, and that not meerly according to their Nature; but *more properly* according to thy Nature; not solely in Thee virtually (as all things are in money) but *wholly* in Thee, and eminentially as the effect is in the cause, in a far more exalted and super excellent mode and kind, than the Capacity of a Creature can possibly contain or conceive. *How Happy then shall that Soul be* that enjoys all perfection in God, and God infinitely above all? *Again, here I see*, Excellent Edifices, brave Buildings, fair Fabricks, Grand shady seats and Groves, gallant Gardens, long large and welleyed Walks, amiable Arbours, admirable Aquæducts, meandrous Mazes. many and unmeasurable Meadows and Grounds. inclosures and Commons, (*Quæ vix milvus oberrat*) to use the Poetick Phrase) many pleasant

fant Parks with dainty Dear, and well timbered Woods; neat Nurserys, and fine Forest of stately Towing Trees, &c. And yet peradventure possibly, nay very probably, some flagitious filthy fellow, or abominably base and notoriously Wicked Wretch, the Proprietor, owner and Possessor. *Why then think I, if Simeon go away with such a Mess, what will Benjamins Portion be? If the Children of the Concubine have so large a Gift, what shall be the Inheritance of a Son of Promise.* Again when I consider man even in his Body (not to mention the Anatomy of it, tho' the Royal Prophet tells us, it is fearfully and wonderfully made, nor to trouble you or my self with Doctrines, and Dictates of any sort of Philosophers,) Oh what ample Indiciums, large Notices, and as it were miraculous Indications of the Deity do I find. And when I consider man in his Spirit, that most noble and best part of man, (to speak the worst and lowest of it, and not to touch many of the Innumerable Exotic Disquisitions about it,) and introspect look in upon the Dignity of its Nature, and Essence, it being no less than a spark, yea Beam of Divine brightness, breathed into Man by Jehovah Elohim himself: And then when I consider and view man conjunctly, he was created partly mortal and partly immortal, and so in sequel made a piece of Greater excellence, than the whole Creation, being *Dei Templum & simulacrum*, the Holy Temple and Glorious Image of God, which truth the Pagan Poet, seems more than to Ape. *Exemplumque Dei Quisque est in imagine pavâ*, Oh methinks I feel my self ready to burst, if I do not break out into these or such like Pathetick Ejaculations of Divine Bernard: Oh thou Spirit of my Soul, signa-

natured, stamped in the Image of God, beautified by him in his Similitude contracted to him by Faith, endued in Spirit, Redeemed with Blood, deputed with Angels, partaking of Reason, Judgment, Intellect Mind, *by the Medium whereof* Arguing, Understanding, Judging all things, both following other Virtues, and imbracing Piety, which Comprehends all, and made capable of Blessedness: *Nay farther*, with a Holy Boldness do I address my self even to God himself, and with all *Submissive Reverence* say, Thou Omnipotent Creator hast but little, very little in saying, The World is mine and the Fulness thereof, but thou Manifestest thy self when thou saiest, All Spirits are mine; Souls, Spirits of whom the World is not Worthy: And now from Thee, my God! How can I but come and chide and say, O my Soul, my Spirit, why dost thou not declare thy Wrath against all Sin and entirely offer up Thy self to God, and resolve if God will not, yet Sin shall not have Thee. Thou wilt not serve Sin, nor abide by its Crib, but live now and ever mindful of thy Primitive Glory and likeness to God, and *next look down on my Body, and then think* what a Body thou hast given me, so lovelily and statelily erect! An Uprightness of Stature! not so much for my Dissimilitude, unlikeness to sensible Animals, Brute Beasts, but sublimely to Elevate, highly to mount my Intellectuals to Heaven my Original; Harmoniously Hymnesying, while here below in the Body.

Once more and then no more! When I reflect, review, look back on my self here in Temporals, O my good God, I Praise and Magnify Thee, that I have Convenient Sufficiency, a goodly Heritage, my Lot is fallen in Good Ground,

Ground, my Tents are by the Wells of *Elim*, my Portion is from the Hand of Wisdom. And tho' Corruption may think it of the least, yet Wisdom it self knows it to be best : Now my God, if Thou givest me so much in the time of my Vanity, what will Thou do for me in the Day of my Glory ? If thou grantest such Pensions to me here, what will be those Mansions prepared for me hereafter : *But above all*, that sweet Communion I enjoy with God, those Glorious Rays that shine from the Face of the Holy Jesus, those ravishing Joys that flow from the Wells of Salvation, set me on the Top of Mount *Nebo*, and give me the largest view of my Happiness, for if *JEHOVAH JESUS* give me so choice a Mercy for my Earnest, how rich a Blessing shall I have for my Inheritance. If this be the first Fruits, what shall be the Harvest ; If my God let me have such a Glorious Beam in my Prison, What an unspeakably Glorious Sun shall Shine into my Palace ? If there be such a Satisfaction in the Faith, Attendance, Hope, what will there be in the Vision, Adhæ-sion, Fruition ! If there be such a Pleasure, Delight and Joy in the Dim Glass, in the gracious Expectation of what I shall be, what Happiness, Heavenliness, Blessedness will there be in the Bright Face, in the clear Explanation, in the inconceivably Glorious Consummation of what I shall be.

The Soul and Spirit of Man made to Enjoy God.

78. **E**Ver you must needs grant, whosoever thou art, That there can be no rational Person, who will not approve, yea praise and applaud the Answer of *Anaxagoras*, who being asked

asked what he thought he was born for, replied *ut Cælum contempler*, That I may Contemplate Heaven, that my Cogitations, Meditations, Speculations, may all aim at Heaven: O my Soul! my Spirit! What dost thou think thou was Renate, born again, born from Above for? Is it not that thou mayest live in Heaven? Why then dost thou spend thy Life so sensually, Carnally, Brutally, Terrestrially, Diabolically? O Man! thou wast made for God. God himself could not, or rather it could not be that God would (with all Reverence and Humility be this spoken) make us for any other but himself. Our own Heart tells it us, (and we cannot contradict it) the which if it stray from God or refuse to go to him (for whom only Essentially it was made) it betrayeth its own self, belyeth its Essence, and becometh Monstrous: O, my Soul, seeing then thou art God's, why art thou not for God! Ah, how few things dost thou do which thou canst say are truly and only done for God; *What dost thou do here, if thou dost not that for which thou art here?* Woe be to thee *Audacious Soul*, which presumest to hope that by leaving God thou mayest find any thing else that is better? Knowest thou not that every thing must tend to the end for what it was made, and cannot decline it without going, yea running to its own Ruine and Destruction. If thou art not, O my Soul, God's Son under the love of his Mercy, thou shalt be God's Slave under the hate of his Justice. What makest thou, O my Spirit, thy Aim, Glory and Credit? Surely the Peoples Credit, is but a ticklish Subject for thee to make it the Basis thereof! Ah! never trust thereto; least while thou hopest to enslave the Common
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People to thy Credit, thy Credit make thee a Common Slave to the People. *Consider and reconsider*; God hath made thee to enjoy Communion with himself, Thou needest not stay one Hour on Earth, but with *Enoch*, spend thy Days with God, walk and converse with the Holy Jesus in the Galleries of his Love, with *Moses* live on the Mount of Glory: Why then, my Dear Soul! Precious Spirit! Art thou one Hour out of Heaven! Thou needest not lose thy Visions by thy Implies; The Angels who are employed by Christ in the things of this World (for the Spirit of the Living Creatures is in the Wheels) are as thou, but finite, and cannot be in a *duple ubi* at one; yet lose they nothing of the Beatific Vision all the time of their Ministration. *Certainly*, my Noble Soul, my Heaven born Spirit, there is a way of Enjoying God in Mundane Negotiations, Worldly Dealings, if the Fault were not thine own. 'Tis sad to think, how many pretious Opportunities, Thou and I lose! How many Monitions, at least manifold Motions of the Holy Spirit, we have even posted over unfruitfully, unthankfully, unmindfully, and most irreverently, unmannerly and unworthily made the Lord to speak in vain in the Secret Illapses, Incomes, Influences of his most Sacred Spirit. Hath not the Lord often called upon us, but how have vain Thoughts lodged within us, and there was no room within our Hearts for such Calls of God.

Wo and Helas that we who stand at the door of Eternity, and have more Work on our Hands than this petty Moment of interposing time is sufficient for, that *We, We* should yet be filling our Heads and Hearts with meer Toyes
and

and Trifles. O my Soul! my Spirit! Oh come let us in good earnest be Good Husbands and learn to save even little Fragments, not to loose the smallest Fragments, Pieces, Points, yea, if it were possible not *Atoms of Fire* (those Parenthesis) which happen to intervene, which come betwixt the more Solemn Passages (whither of Negotiations or Recreations) of our Life, and which are (ah! too oft are) lost by us for want of a due Value or for want of true Skill. Oh, *What an Heavenly Answer was that for an Heathen to give?* How far above the Words and Thoughts of a *Demas, Nicodemus, &c.* and how every way becoming a Man born the Second time a-new or from above? Ah, how much time is lost? How much Reproach got, O my Soul, in one Hour! What not yet the Heart and Will with all the Desires and Affections, the Spirit and Mind with all the Thoughts and Imaginations placed on God! Does not every Creature declare by its Experience that *God is All in All*, and God works all its Works in it and for it: Make my Soul, (the worst of thy Creatures) O God! to make Thee its All in All; the Being of its Being, and of all other Beings; neither conceiving of Thee as less than all things, nor of the World more than a nothing: Why dost thou not, O Soul, thus say, or the like to thy God? O my God, How hast thou indeed made Nothings, but very Nothings! Not one Being, that hath any Beings more, without that which it derives from thy Providence; than it had without that, which it drew from thy Creation. Not being without Thee, is as Essential to a Creature as being by Thee, the I am. O God, make the very Spirit of my Soul to know, there is no God less than *Omnipotent,*

nipotent, there are no Creatures more than *Nullipotent*. O my Dearest Spirit ! Why dost thou not carry thy self like a Creature made by none and for none but God; why art thou one Hour out of Paradise, one Minute from thy Creator, thy Conservator : O live so strictly from thy first awake in the Morning, and walk so closely all the Day long with God, that thou mayest say alway and truly, with the Man after God's own Heart, *I with Thee*.

The near Union 'twixt God and Man's Spirit.

79. **D**EAR, Sweet and Gracious God ! O my only God and Lord, How near will Thou bring me to Thy self ? Must I abide in Thee and Thou in me ? Must we be of one Heart and Soul, of one Mind and Spirit ? *Is it not enough* that I must for ever repose my self in the Bosom of thy Sweetest Affections, that I should be for ever enclosed in the embraces of thy choicest Love, that I should be for ever wrapt up in the Bowels of Thy tenderest Mercy, but *I must so dwell with Thee*, and wilt Thou so dwell with me, as to be made equal sharer in Thy Bliss, a Partner in thy Glory ? What is Man that thou shouldst so Regard him, what am I that thou shouldst so remember me ? Lord God ! Let thy Mercies so constrain me, that all my Affections may run out to Thee, and all my Strength may run out from Thee.

The Christian, a Spiritual Temple.

80. **I**ND~~eed~~ and in truth, Every real Christian is the Spiritual Temple of the living God ; Worldly-cares, and Earthly desires are Buyers and Sellers, that pollute this Temple : Now what an unworthy part is this to make the House of God, a Den of Thieves ? What an Idolatrous sin is this to set up *Dagon*
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by the Ark, a Lust by Christ, *Again* Every Member is a Vessel of this Temple; now what a debasing thing is this, to take these Golden Vessels with that Drunken King, and employ them to a sordid use? To take that Heart, which should be filled with God, and fill it with Lust? Those Ears that should be always ready to hear what God shall speak, to lay them open to an uncharitable censure, a detracting tale, a foolish Jest; That tongue which should be sounding out Praises, and must hereafter be singing, sweet Triumphant Hallelujah's, for to defile it now with lewd expressions, lying Words, idle Speeches, not to mention the common, taking God's Great, Holy, and Reverend Name in vain, abominable Oaths, Cursed Dejuries, Monstrous Perjuries, Damnings most dreadful, imprecations Innumerable, Execrations Horrendous, Blasphemies stupendous; to pass by the Authors, the Infamous Inventors, their Utterers, the Villanous ventors, their abettors, the odious Fomentors; *Again what a Sacrilegious iking is it*, to let forth Gods Vessels to Sin, and Gods Rooms to Lust? O God theretore, *what thou takest to be thine own, O do thou own rule, use and enjoy it as thy own.*

Duties in their due way done.

81. *C*ertainly my Duties are only then upright with God, when they wholly turn me into the Nature of themselves: It was St. Jerome's praise of Nepotian that by his assiduous and continual Reading and Meditating, He made his Breath the very Bibliothec of Christ. This is the Praise of a Christian when he shall make his Understanding, Will, Memory, and affections, become the Magazine and Grand
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Repositories of Vertues and Graces, and the apposite and most fit Mediums and Organs for the Designs of Sound, and true Religion and Godliness. *This is the Credit* of a Christian, whose Soul will not only out, and rout ends unworthy, ungodly and unhallowable; but in and entertain nothing unprofitable, unserviceable unapproveable, Whose Spirit will not let a Room stand unfurnished, nor yet furnished with Baggatells, toys and Gauds, fit for a *Bartholemew Fair*, or an *American Mart*: *This is the Commendation* of a Godly, Learned and right Christian, whose Interior Divine particle or substance, rather is not like a Winter Sun, shining and not warming, but is a kind of Cherub and Seraph (if not more *Est deus in nobis agitante calesimus illo*, the Pagan Poet could sing) and so cannot in the least content it self with humanly enlightned thoughts, without Divinely enflamed affections. For he knows in experience, that wherever in a Duty, Prayer, Meditations &c. God gives in of himself to a poor nothing Spirit, 'Tis there the Wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary are at rest. *This is the Encomium* of a Christian, he is one redeemed from a vain Conversation. One who hath hallowed his head into an Oratory, His Intellect into Spirit; his Rational faculties into Religious Offices, His Study into Meditation, This Meditation into Contemplation, and all these conjoyned and Concentrated into the practise of Piety. *This is the Renown and Honour* of a Christian, when he shall so hear, so take heed how he hear, as that the Word abideth in him, is as it were incorporated, (really I was about to add transubstantiated) into him, when he shall so Read as that he shall make himself a Living Epistle, being visibly there-

thereby rendred Cœlestially prudent, and wise, spiritually fervent and zealous, in every instance and circumstance; so that even the World may read again in his life, what he had read before in the Word of life. When he shall so bless God as to make himself his Praise, when he shall so pray, as that every Petition shall as so many living veins, run through his whole life, and Conversation. *To conclude, This is the Eulogium, and Crown and Dignity of an Orthodox Evangelical Christian, when in short and in sum. Duties shall be the Fire, and his life the Incense, and Himself the Holocaust, eaten up with the zeal of Jehovah Jesus, His glory, and totally consumed into the super Seraphick flames of Divine Love! This, this is the most sweet and acceptable Sacrifice;* For till Worship be distilled into Practice, it is but an empty Cloud; till Duties be Vitals in our walkings, they are so utterly far from being Venial, that they are absolutely Criminal; they are perniciously mortal Offices; *In very deed they are but at the best Dead Performances.* Therefore O God of my Life, my salvation and my all! Let O let my Duties always recieve life from thy Spirit, and let O let my walkings, always receive life from my Duties.

The Evil of the Heart, or an Evil Heart.

82. **I** Read of B. Basil, that he perswaded himself, if he were in the Wilderness far from the Company of Men, He should be happy, and serve God acceptably, most religiously without any Distraction, and very Divinely. But when he came there; he said, I have forsaken all things, but I have yet and keep still my old Heart. I my self
poor.

poor, piteous, I have often sought the privatest place for Duty, and often have pressed to hear the best men, to partake of the best means; thinking to have gained much ground, in the advantage of the Place and of the Ordinance; and yet O God, I have got but little good, because I still carry with me, a bad Heart; were it of necessary choice, (if that Epithet may be excused) I had rather have I protest the Devil my Guest, than Sin that dwelleth in me, and have Satan my Tyrant than Sin my King. This evil of the Heart, this Sin is then that Remora that stays my Ship in its course to Heaven. *O that I might have my request, and that God would grant me the thing I long for, even that it would please God to destroy the evil of my Heart, which makes me so unlike to Himself, and that he would let loose his hand and cut it off.* Other evils are but Drones, it is this evil of the Heart, 'tis Sin, Sin that is the sting of all. So that I find and wofully feel, it is not he (with B. Basi) that treads the path of Retirement, who grows in grace; But he who (with that Father) walks first in the Cloysters of his own Heart, in the secret places and crooked turnings after his own Spirit. It is not he who comes to the pure Ordinances, that advances Communion with God; but it is he who brings a pure Heart, O my God! I have often searched my Heart, and still my heart deceived me in the search. *O come and fit my Heart for every Duty, that every Duty may be fit for thyself.*

The Christian's daily Warfare.

83. **A**llowed undoubtedly will it be of all Christian Readers, the ensuing Allegory, that as Princes Combat with flesh and blood, so Christians wrestle with Principalities and Powers: Their Wars give days of Truce, ours not a minute of Cessation. Conditions of Peace there may cause retreat: Nothing but Death here can end the Siege. Kings if Overcome, may save themselves by flight; but Christians may as soon fly from themselves as from their Foes: *Whatsoever may make a Battle dangerous, Here it is;* Whether Policy, Potency, Cruelity, or Perpetuity, not only the Powers of Earth, but all the forces and Stratagems of Hell, are always charged upon my Soul; so that a Christian is not in a Garrison of Rest, but in a field of Conflict; and cannot let fall his hands, but *Amalek* prevails. Not to be a Conquerour, is to be Prisoner. Not to win the Field, is to lose the Soul. Security wounds thee, yielding kills thee, nothing but Victory crowns thee: Therefore watch as for thy life, Fight as for thy Soul, the time will come, yea it approacheth, is now coming and hasteneth on apace. These Enemies *Thou seest to day, thou shalt see them no more for ever.* When thou shalt lay down thy Sword. and take up thy Palm, and solemnize thy Victory in Glory to Perpetuity. Courage therefore, and to forward thy Courage, forget not this, that the Soldiers of Christ, the Captain of their Salvation *have no back peice, in Gods Panoplie,* in the whole Armoury of God. A certain man rehearsing a sad Oration to *Aristotle*, in Praise of those that were slain in the

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the Wars by the *Lacedemonians*, received this answer from him. *Quales igitur nostros esse putas Qui istos vicerunt.* If those were such Brave and valliant Fellows, What men dost thou think we are? Who overcame those? What tho' now we hear a sad Narration, read a ruful relation of the Potency, and Policy of our Cruel Enemies, and find the heavy experience of it; yet how Glorious and Victorious, dost thou think we shall one day be, when in the strength of Christ, we shall have vanquished and overcome, wholly conquered and eternally routed those Enemies? What tho' my assaults be many, my Enemies mighty, if God strengthen me; I have enough to comfort me. *For more danger more Honour*; The Greater my Enemies, the more Glorious my Victory; and the more Glorious my Victory, the more Triumphant my Glory; (*viz.*) in the Lord, never forgetting the Conquering Christians cautious Motto, or rather constant Symbol, Let him that Glorietb, Glory in the Lord.

Of godly and Worldly Sorrow.

84. **N**ot seldom have I seen Christians that for Ordinary losses, have been inordinate in their Mourning, as if not only the stream, but even the Fountain had been exhausted. Whereas if the understanding part of the Soul, or rather power of the Spirit did truly act it self, *it would argue thus*, What! must the stream of my Sorrow run altogether in this Channel! is there no mourning to be made for sin! What shall I suffer my heart to swim away in tears! Are there no Duties to be performed for God! And do I not know, that a sad heart cannot serve a Good God! I have
lost

lost the Creature, but I must keep my God : I have parted with my Comfort, but I shall meet it again in Jesus Christ : I have lost something, were it more, were it all, so that I were not the owner of any thing, yet enjoying Christ, I should be possessor of all things. The failing streams shall but therefore send me to the flowing fountain. Or thus, I find to my wo, I converse mostly and too too much with nothing, and not with God my Creator, nor his Creature; but with the Idols and Creatures of my Fancy: for as there is no such God, as I too oft conceive him, so there are no such Creatures, as I often conceive them to be. I am setting my Eyes on that which is not, when I am thinking on them, as any other than as very nothings, as to Subsistence without Gods providence, as they were to Existence without Gods Creation: It is true, I have lost them; *but it is as true I have lost nothing.* Nay were it so that I could for ever save them and my Soul too, (Come my Soul I'll argue it with thee) and lose God, *I should still lose my all.* Again possibly I may after my losses, gain a World (as we are wont to word it) what then? I have but gained even nothing. But now could I gain God with the very loss of my Soul, (for Arguments sake, I'll suppose this) I should gain all things. For sure I am, *All gain is of Good on'y* and there is none Good but God. God him self, who doth truly say to all things, all Creatures (here you not Soul him so saying) without me ye can do nothing; Nay, if there be any Creature, thing, beside him, it is nothing without Him. Address thy self therefore O my Soul to God, for his saving Instructions. Why dost thou not say and pray, teach thou me, O my God, teach me to have

have all Creatures manifest in my sight, and Thee the Creator likewise? Shew me manifestly that thou art as really, and to Faith as Apparently, the all Being Good God, as thou wast before the World began, and that all thy Creatures, Beings, consist in being nothing without Thee now, as before they ever were, manifest to me. Thus, or in some such manner did the Spirit of Man put forth it self, it would quickly sweeten, those bitter Waters, and presently turn those Mournings, Groans and Tears, into Joyings, Dittys, Hymns, not to say Anthems, Hosanna's, Hallelujahs. *For my part* I will mourn for the loss of the Creature, but it shall be in the cause, which is Sin: So shall my Sorrow be Godly not Worldly, and I will never be satisfied till I make good the absence of the Creature; but it shall be in the Fountain, which is Christ. So shall it be a Gain and not a Loss.

The Benefit of Adversity.

85. **S**OME Curiously have observed as a part of Wisdom in Husbandry, *to set those Plants together, that have an Antipathy in their Natures*, and draw several Juices out of the Earth; therefore it is thought, a Rose set by Garlick is sweeter, because the more fælid Juice of the Earth goeth into the Garlick, and the more odorate into the Rose. I am sure it is so in Spirituals; therefore I wonder not that Afflictions are the Portion of the Righteous; for I see prosperity is too strong a sucker to exhaust and steal the Spiritual Sap, and Cœlestial vigours of the Soul, and so to debilitate the principles of Growth and Life: Whereas adversity has a contrary Extraction, and only draws out what may be Malignant, and leaves behind.

behind it what may be Nutriment ; it takes the Dregs and leaves the Spirits ; Whereby the Soul is elevated, Sublimated, refined and made more thriving, Flourishing and far more Fruitfull in the works of Holiness : *Therefore O God, so I may but grow, if the Flowers of the World be too succulent transplant me among the Bryars.*

The Variety of a Christians Condition.

86. **L**ook up to Heaven when I do, how do I see the Sun both Shine and set, look down when I do into my Soul, how oft do I see my Comforts rise and fall ; Eye but that Ship, which now seems to touch the Clouds, and you shall see it anon in the depths, as if it would be Swallowed up of the Waves. *One while* a Christian is upon Mount Tabor, and hath a Glance of Heaven ; *another while* he lies in the Valley of *Bockim*, weeping because he hath lost the sight of his Country. *Joshua's* long Dale is many times turned into *Pauls* sad Night (N. B.) God would quicken our Affections therefore now and then. He gives us a Glance of Heaven, that so we might be in Love with that we see, and now and then, he draws a black veil over the bright Vision, that so we might not loath what we did Love. He suffers our happiness here to be Imperfect, that so we may be pressing to that place, where we should be perfectly happy. Good God ! when thou shewest thy self, let me Love thee ? and when thou withdrawest Thy self, let me follow Thee ; and *under all* these changes here, let my Soul and Spirit be always breathing after Thee, till I shall perfectly enjoy Thee, and that I may never lose Thee.

Gods

Gods presence makes all Conditions Comfortable.

87. **O** *bserve where the King is, there is the Court, where Gods presence, there is Heaven. Art thou in Prison with Paul and Silas, if God be with thee, thou wilt sing thy Hallelujah. Art thou at the Stake with B. Martyrs; as the Beams of the Sun puts out the Fire, so the Beams of the Light of Gods Countenance puts out the Flames, and turn their Fiery tryals and troubles into Comforts and Joys, so that it is but winking and thou art in Heaven. Therefore that Soul which enjoys God, tho' it may want the Sun or Moon to Shine in Creature, comforts and worldly delights to solace it, yet it needs them not: it has enough to pity Caesar, Pompey, and all the Potentates, with all their pomp and Glory. For the Glory of God doth enlighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof, God himself doth irradiate it with the Brightness of his Beauty; and Christ his self fills it with Joy unspeakable and full of Glory. Thy God brings his Heaven with him, and that Man who enjoys God, carries Heaven about him: so that here is his Happyness, cast him into a Jail, a Dungeon, a Furnace, a Furnal seven times, yea seven times seven heated, when and as oft as you please, yet, yet he is still in Heaven. Therefore for my part, O my God give me Thy self, and then deal as Thy self pleaseth with me.*

The wretched Catastrophe of the ungodly.

88. **N**ote, O Soul, and Mark the Wicked Man, tho' his Intrat may be Comical, yet his Exit is always Tragical, *Bellshazzar* in his first scene is revelling out his time

time in Sin and Pleasure, Feasting and Carousing with his Concubines in the Vessels of Jehovah; but view him in the Catastrophe, Mind the Conclusion, and you shall find the Hand Writing, and him trembling; *Darius* rending away, his Kingdom and Death snatching away his Life, ¶ If you look on the Entrance of a wicked man, His Gates are Riches, his Seats honour, his Paths Pleasures, He goes delicately, fares deliciously every day, he has more than Heart can wish; but wait his going out, and see a sad Conclusion, in a Moment he goes to Hell; The man is cast out from God as an everlasting curse; Destruction closes her Mouth upon him, and his place beholdeth him no more, his Body is wrapped up in Dust, his Soul is burnt in the flames, and his Name is covered with darkness. *But now Behold* the Perfect, Righteous, Sincere, Upright Man; it may be thou mayst see some few Tragick Scenes, the World hating, Mocking, Persecuting him. But ¶ the End of that Man is Peace. Tho' he may come forth weeping, yet he goes on Joying. Tho' he may come forth Combating, Fighting yet he goes off Conquering, Triumphant, so that Saints and Angels clap their hands for Joy. *N. B. When I therefore Judge of a Happy Man, I wait his End, I care not for his Entrance.*

Deceitful Riches leave us at our Death, but our Good Works follow us.

89. **D**Enied by no thinking Man *can it be* that earthly Riches (which have been swallowed up, as the Earth once swallowed up *Corah* and his Complices) were they *True Riches*, yet they were not *our Riches*:
Or

or, were they *our*, yet they were not *true*, because they are unuseful to the Soul ? Nay for the most Part our Golden heaps, are but the miserable Spoils of precious Souls. *Dives aut malus est aut Hæres mali.* And then they are not ours, because we cannot carry them with us, when we leave the World. Thou Fool, this Night shalt thy Soul be taken from thee, and then thou shalt quickly know, whose thy Soul shall be, which thou hast by these things so Sinfully abused, injured ; but thou shalt never know, whose these things shall be, which thou hast so Miserably accumulated, provided. When we awake at the last Day, we shall find nothing of those things that are of the World, (saith St. *Ambrose*) we shall leave them behind us in the World. Only Virtue is the Companion of the Dead : These things shall fail us, but our Good-works shall follow us, and abide with us for ever. Wouldst thou be true and Rich, be not only getting Goods, but doing Good, raise Virtue out of Vanity, so shalt thou lay up Goods indeed for Eternity.

A Competence, better than Abundance.

90. **O** My Soul ! my Soul ! I have not farr to my home, therefore I need not make much Provision for my way. Food and Rayment will be sufficient for my Journey : Superfluity will but prove a Bruthen : While *Jacob* had only his Staff, he went on freely in his way. But when he had his Flocks and his Heards, He drives but slowly. We see it daily, that Rich Men either lose their Paths, or rid but little Ground, while poor Men run the way of Gods Commandements. I am well enough here, if I have but enough to carry me to Heaven. I will therefore desire no
K more,

more, then will mend my pace, and serve me in my Journey.

Serve God in the use of means.

91. **N**Ote this, if any thing, or if you would do any thing Notable, *viz*: we must not Presume, on the means, without God, nor on God, without the means: Not on the means without God, because the Pipe cannot convey, unless the Spring Communicate; Not on God, without the means, because the Goings forth of Providence are alway in the path of Diligence. *Jekovah Elohim* generally permits things to have their Natural Course, and to fall out according to the Power and probability of Second cause, hereby as 'tis conceived, yea concluded by the Godly Learned, to encourage Prudence and Diligence, Prayer and Piety, and to convince us all, that God is not only a looker on; but Over-rules all as being the Cause and Author of all things; the Antecedent and Orderer of all events. It is up and doing then, if we would have ought well going, I mean *for us* or the Lord to be *with us*. The very Country proverb laughs at that Beast of Man, that shall lye in a Ditch and Cry God help me. Have ever in Memory, the ridiculous presumption of a Foreign Famous Enthusiast, that Dyed of Hunger in expectation of being fed with roasted Pidgeons, flying into his Mouth. Thus a Man is never in greater danger of drowning, than when he most hugs himself, when he clasps his Arms closest about himself; not to hint here how the Almighty Loves to hide Pride from Man (as St. *Jobs* elegant Phrase is) yea to look a far off from, nay to resist the self-confident and presumptuous, and to scatter the Proud (as the Expression is in the *Magnificat* or Canticle

ticle of the *Blessed Virgin Mary*) in the Imagi-
 nation of their Hearts: For without God no-
 thing is wise and strong, nothing able to
 attain its End. Therefore as in the Assault
 of *Amaleck*, while *Moses* goes to Pray, *Jo-
 shua* goes to Fight; so in the proceeds of a
 Christian, Faith should always be in the
 Mount, and Industry in the Valley; While
 the Heart is lifted up, the Hand should be
 stretched out; He only may rest in God, who
 hath been restless in the means. He who
 can fully lay out himself in Gods way, may
 confidently lay up his Faith in Gods provi-
 dence. I must sow my Seed, and wait upon
 the Clouds, do my Work and leave the E-
 vent to God. I may, nay, must Plant and
 Water, but I am to believe it is God only,
 that giveth the Increase: Seeing my self thus
 in a strait betwixt two, what shall I do? Why
 (and there's ne're why, as we say, without
 a wherefore,) I must neither turn to the right
 Hand nor to the left, but go strait directly
 forwards, neither on the one side, be Idle in
 the means, nor on the other side, make an Idol
 of the means; using the means, as Industri-
 ously as if the Almighty did nothing, and yet
 then depending on the Almighty, for the suc-
 cess, the success of those means, as if my
 self had done nothing, but did expect all from
 his Blessing. O God! therefore Blessed God!
 Let thy Spirit which in the beginning did,
 Powerfully and procreatively hover, hovering-
 ly brood on the Face of the Waters, and in
 after Ages descend, come down on the Day
 of Pentecost, Visibly upon the Apostles,
 Vouchsafe to Vivify, quicken my Heart and
 Soul and Mind, and Spirit, even my whole
 Man, to and in every Duty; Otherwise both I
 and it must needs appear no better, in thy

base Commodities, Counterfit Coyn crowded in amongſt the Current, ſo many ſhews, and Shapes of Exercises under the Colour of Subſtantial and Solied, Pious and Chriſtian Duties, ſuch ſcarcely diſcernable Semblences of ſanctity, and in the van and rear of all theſe, the ends and deſigns, wiles and Deviſes, Methods and depths, as ſome ſpeak of the Devil and Satan, darkening (far beyond Words,) Council and Transforming himſelf (almoſt beyond diſcovery) in all Miniſters, and by all means into an Angel of Light. I will therefore by the Holy help of God, be as wiſe as a Serpent, but as harmleſs as a Dove; I will be (what will I, ſhall I be? what I would be, ſhould be,) a *Mary, Mariha*; I mean Contemplative and Active; run into neither Extream, but keep (the Bleſſed ever held) the means. I will therefore henceforth, lay my Hands to the means as if they were All in All, and yet raiſe my Eye above the means, as if they were nothing at all.

The Excellency of a Chriſtian.

92. **A**Dmirably and Divinely ſpeaks *Cicero* (ſay ſome, but rather at *Random* I think) when he ſaid, *ad Decus & Libertatem nati Sumus*, we are Born to Freedom and honour. It is thou O Regenerate Soul, who art Born a Child of Love, and heir of Glory; Thou art he, O Excellent Saint, who art made richly Glorious in the Talents of Grace and of Nature by the Hands of *Ælohim*, which were thy Womb. Thou art He, who art

art clothed with the Sun, Crowned with the Stars, and reckoned among Gods holy Angels the Head of whom, and over all things to the Church) which is his Body) is the Hyperpanonomous Jesus, making an Exinanition of Himself, to the pouring out of his Glory for thy O then Cogitate, Meditate, Ruminare, Speculate, Contemplate thy Grandeur and Dignity O Soul, think and consider thy Beauty and Excellency Soul! Soul perpend, ponder and expostulate with thy self, in some such sort of way, manner as this; will an Imperator live like a Mendicant, a King like a Beggar a Prince like a Peasant, a Sovereign like a Slave! Is it Decorous, decent, comely! think out, is it a becoming thing, for Thee Cloathed in Purple and Scarlet to embrace a Dunghill? Am I Born of God, and shall I live like a Beast, or walk like a Man, meerly as a Man? Hath God ravished my Soul, with the sweet sight of the Sublimest Purity? raised my Spirit with the Noblest advance of the Supreme Excellence, and shall I stain as it were, nay Stamp upon my Nobleness and Highness with poor *petit* defiling and debasing, Gawds and Gewgaws, Trash and Trumpery? May I live on Christ, like a Saint, and may I feed on Dust, like a Serpent: Hath the Holy Jesus my Blessed Saviour prepared for me a place, an abode, a Mansion in the Heavens, and shall I be rooting all the while like a swine in the Earth, or groveling on the Ground, (not to say for shame,) wallowing in the mire. In fine, am I a Child of Light sight, if not much worse, than a dead Dog, a Stinking Carcase, or at the best, but like a Specious Picture or Fair shew. Seeing then O my Soul! There are false Glosses put upon

and shall I commit the Works of Darknes?
No I am born as *Seneca* says, to Greater
and higher things, than to be slave to lust,
or a drudge to the World.

Divine Love.

93. **L**ove, when pure, runs clearly out of
its self, into the Bosom of the Object
that's Beloved. Heavenly Love centers no
lower than in Heaven it self. It is only God
it loves, it is only in God it lives. If love be
a Beam, it is only as it stands in reference to
the Sun: If it love the Creature, it is only
as its a step to advance it nearer to God; who
is that friend that loveth at all times, who
changeth not but loveth to the End, world
without End: whose love Death cannot, nor
Life consume, nor Angels stop in the way,
nor Principalities, nor Powers resist, to any
but their own Damnation, nor things pre-
sent cross, nor things to come annoy, nor
height pull down, nor depth swallow up, nor
any other Creature, do any other hurt to.
For tho' thou mayst be (if thou art) to the
shame and Confusion of our faces, be it spo-
ken) injured, wronged, &c. Yet thou canst
take no hurt, no harm. O most sweet and
Sacred Majesty, (who dwellest in Love, and
art all Love,) Oh! how I love thee! O
my God I would not care at all for Heaven,
were it not for thee; neither would I love
my self, were I not in thee.

The Soul's Rest.

94. **I**Nfallibly and incontrovertibly, so it is as being the agreeable attestation, and united experience of all Christians of more solid brains, that Heaven is the very Element, and Christ the very Center of every gracious Soul. Heaven only is the breathing place, and Christ only is the resting place. There's the place of its Respiration, and here's the Seat of its repose. It cannot live out of its Element, and it cannot rest out of this Center. It is always struggling, till it gets to Heaven; and always rolling till it comes to Christ. Revert to thy rest O my Soul, said St. *David*. O God let me draw no breath but that which I fetch from Heaven, and never let me rest till I rest in thee.

The Souls Progress.

95. **C**ontented only with a being, I perceive man is not, but is still aspiring to an Eminence in that being. Plants are continually growing up till they come to that maturity, which makes them perfect; so Man he is always pressing forward till he come to his proposed end, he apprehends, he thinks or conceives will make him happy; O my Soul God is the End and Excellence, and thy happiness is in moving forward, till thou comest to rest. Be thou always Rising; till thou comest to rest in the Bosom of God.

The Soul's Resemblance of Christ.

96. **E**ver the closer the association we have with Christ, Ever the nearer Assimilation

lation we shall have with Christ. *Moses* did but talk with God, and how did his Face shine with a Ray, a Beam of God? You may quickly know a Soul that doth Converse and is familiar, (in all humility be it spoken,) with Jesus. Wisdom maketh the face to shine? so Christ maketh the Soul to shine; so that he who Judiciously looks on him can easily Divine, yea easily foretel, That Soul hath met with and seen the Lord. I see by the strong Reflects of the Beams of Righteousness, that he hath been long in viewing the Sun of Righteousness; he carries the very Image of Christ on him, and the very Beautys of Christ about him, he looks, speaks, walks, lives like Christ, He is just like Christ, and knows he come from Christ. That Soul, that Spirit, which is always beholding the Glory of the Lord, shall be changed from Glory to Glory. Now if that Soul be so Glorious, that beholds God darkly as in a Riddle, reflexedly as in a Glass, how Glorious shall that Spirit be, which shall see him clearly and directly, face to face, and enjoy immediate Communion with Jesus Christ? we shall then be like him indeed, when we shall see him as he is. Our Bones shall be like his, our Souls, Spirits, Glory, Eternity shall be like his, who is the God of Beauty, Excellency and Sweetness, Love and Concord, Happiness and Everlastingness. O Blessed Lord! let me have such clear Visions, such close adæptions to thee, and such sweet Fruition of Thee, that I may not only hereafter, be happy as thou art happy, but likewise Holy as thou art Holy.

The Life of Faith.

97. **N**Ote, and that with an Asterisk, or at least a Mark in the Margin, namely that the life of Faith is the Noblest, Pleasantest, Richest, Contentedst, Easiest, truest, and Onliest life of all. It is the Noblest; for take the Greatest and most Generous and Noble Spirit in the World, and you shall find it far beneath that Spirit, which lives by Faith in him, who is the Light of the World, The utmost of such persons Generous Gallantry, is but the product and issue either of meer Reason, or Natural Magnanimity, which are a great way below, and very much under Faiths Supernatural Power and Sublimity. True Believers are more than Conquerous Triumphant and are got up to God Omnipotent, yea live with him and in him. Needs must it then be the Noblest life; For it takes the Soul out of the Household of *Adam*, and carries it into the household of God, it makes the Soul forget its Fathers house, and espouses it to the King of Glory. And then it is, the pleasantest life: For it lives in a stinking Dungeon, as in a delicate Orchard, so *Eusebius* reports of One, yea in flames of fire, as in Beds of Roses, (so said one of the Martyrs.) strange matter of Joy and Pleasure; and yet not so strange as true. Think not the Fiery Tryal, saith the Apostle *James*) as if some strange thing happened to you. Faith is like Gold tryed in the Fire, and tho' seven times, yet cometh it out the finer. Who can forget those pleasant walks, the Three Children took in the midst of the fiery Furnace, Oh the delicious life of Faith. It lives upon the choicest Excellency and highest felicity;

licity ; and often rapt up into the Third Heaven, to take its Repast in unexpressible Glories. Even here below, Faith is the sweetest Sanctuary to a haunted Soul, and under all heats of Troubles and afflictions, it shades it self under the Arbour of Paradise. Yea, all its walks are Paths of Pleasantness ; indeed Faith it is Heaven on Earth. And then it is the Richest Life, if our desires be according to our wants, it is impossible we should want what we desire. *Tantum quisque habet, quantum credit.* Every Man, saith a Father, hath according to his Faith : And be it unto thee according to thy Faith, (saith a Son (who was above that Father, and all the Fathers on Earth,) even the Son of God, full of Grace and Truth, and the only Begotten of the Father. And then it is the Contentedst life ; For it carries the fading Creature and lays it upon Him, who is the First Born of every Creature before all things, and in whom all things Consist,) and under all Mutability still holds fast All Sufficiency, and so of Necessity sits down most contentedly. Then it is the Easiest life, For Faith looks not on the strictness and Difficulty of Duty, but on the strength and Power of Christ. Therefore if it meet with a hard Precept, it dissolves it, into a sweet Promise : It carries it to a loving Christ, and pleads it out till it hath drawn a proportionable strength to facilitate the Duty, make easy the Work. For the Faithful Soul goes on, beyond all other Travellers its Wonted way, without travel, if so I may say ; even going like the Chariots of *Aminadab*, or rather like a Roe or a young Hart on the Mountains of *Bethel*, yea running without all Wearines, and Joying and rejoycing at every turn, in its meeting with

with its Beloved, and saying, I am my Beloveds, and my Beloved is mine. My desire is towards me, or more Emphatically, His Conversation (in his Original) is towards me. For God our Father, whose Bowels are turned within Him, for his Children, even when retrograde backlidings, will certainly turn to those who seek him in his ways. Yea he will meet them, yea renew their strength, yea carry them as upon Eagles Wings, Is not the life of Faith then evidently the Easiest? In fine, and to wind up in few Words, of Exhortation, to prevail more with Christians, to live the life of Faith, even in some good and great Measure and Degree, as being the Duty and property of every living Member of Christ. Oh to love and labour to live by the Power of Faith, the life of Salvation, Sanctification, and Preservation, both Temporal and Spiritual. Oh Soul know that every Christian, ordinarily shall find the exercise of other Graces, to be comfortable or cold, according to the vigour or languor, the liveliness, or Faintness of this Faith. For it is indeed the truest and onlyest life, inasmuch as he is Dead in sin, that does not live by Faith. Therefore as one said, *Non vivere sed valere, vita est*, Not to live, but to live well is life. So may I say, *Non vivere, non valere, sed fidere, sed credere, vita est*; not only to live and be well, but to believe is to live and live well indeed.

The Wise Choice.

98. **T**ELL me O Mortal Man, Woman, or Child, if the Almighty and only wise God be the highest perfection, in Himself and the highest good to the Creature. Then
is

is it not the Higheſt Wiſdom of the Creature to chuſe him, and the higheſt peice of Duty to live in Obſervance of him ? If all Creatures muſt certainly appear before. This Great Ma-jeſty, and bow to Him, I admire the Wiſdom of the Godly, and wonder at the Folly of the Wicked. And ſeeing this certainly and of neceſſity muſt be, O God ! let me be of the number of thoſe who chuſe thee here, ſo as for ever hereafter I may enjoy Thee, and not of the number of thoſe that reſuſe Thee here, and muſt for ever hereafter be ſeparated from thee.

Grace only ſhall enter Heaven.

99. **I**N Honour to God the ſole giver be it ſpoken, and to the praiſe of his Free Grace be it known, that Graces are the very Courtiers of Heaven, thoſe wait on Chriſt in his Privy Chamber. Credit, Honour, Riches, and the like, may do much here below, yea may I confeſs keep out their betters here, but in the Palace of the King of Glory, ye muſt not come, no ye muſt ſtand by for ever. It is Grace that ſhall only have admittance, into the Preſence Chamber. Moral virtues ye likewise muſt walk without ; All that go bravely, are not qualified for ſuch a preſence, let me tell ye, I muſt let you know, ye are but *splendida peccata*, beautiful abominations. at beſt but good faults (If it be not faulty in affording the Epithet of Good) Baſe hearts wrapt up in brave Cloaths. Pardon ye me if I ſay, ye are not proper to Chriſtian Men, as they are Chriſtians but do concern them as Men : yet I do not ſay yea are uſeleſs, and needleſs, for ye are as neceſſary to the having of Heaven, as the caſting of Corn into the Ground, is to the

the future Harvest. But still the Evangelie (ye must know) is set at a more elevated a much higher pitch, requires such a Nature as cannot be attained barely by you. As for you O parts and Gifts, ye may stay and wait at the Gates, but I can tell you, there is a special Command gone forth, that none but Grace and Holiness shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. Therefore you may receive your Answer if you please. Only these are they which come to the King of Glory. Only these are familiar and Conversant with Jesus Christ; wherefore as the Queen of *Sheba* said of *Solomon's* Servants, the attendants of that Grand Prince. So may I say of the Graces of Gods Spirit, which are only the retainers to the King of Saints Christ Jesus. O Happy are these thy Men and happy are these Servants O God! which stand continually before thee, and hear Thy Wisdom, and see thy glory. The grace of true love doth not only preserve every Heavenly Motion of the Soul, but raiseth the Soul and Spirit likewise to the highest Perfection. The more I love the more I shall be beloved (*est etenim Magnes Magnus Amoris Amor*) and the full Participation shall I have of him who is altogether lovely, *Bernard* speaks fully to it. *Summum Bonum amare est summa Beatitudo*. To love the chiefest good is the Chiefest Bliss. The purest and fullest Love shall always wear the Brightest and the weightiest Crown of Glory. O God! who art Love, perfect this Grace of Love in me, that so I may be, perfect in the Love of thee.

Death Vanquished.

100. **A**Fore the *Israelites* can land in *Canaan*, they must first pass over *Jordan*, but no sooner did the feet of the Priests who bear the Ark of the Covenant rest in the Water, but the proud Waves, saw it and fled, and the swelling streams were driven back, and laid in heaps to make them pass over safe and well; so every Child of God is like an *Israelite* in the Wilderness of this World travelling to the land of Promise, Death is that *Jordan* which runs betwixt this Wilderness and our *Canaan*: It is that swelling stream which overflows the banks of every mortal Creature, It is that last River, which must be passed over. But this is the Happiness of a Child of God, that Jesus Christ our High Priest who bears the Everlasting Covenant on his shoulders hath already dipped his Feet in the Brims of this Water, insomuch that the streams of Bitterness are diverted, the sting of Death plucked out, the Water of the Salt Sea dried up, and the Power of the Curse cut off, so that Death is but a step to Bliss; and glory: why then am I afraid to dye? the Channel is dry and I see the footsteps of my Saviour in the Bottom, and Heaven and happiness on the other side, so that the Water shall not go over my Soul. They may go over my sins over my Miserys, over my Troubles, but my Soul shall go over to its rest. O God! therefore sanctify, and wholly fit me for my Removal and then take down my Tent, let others chuse to tarry and take this place for their
their

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their longer Abode. For my part I long to be gone hence *Vitam habeo in Tadio, mortem in voto.* 'Tis Death not to dye, O how desire I hence to depart, I cannot O my God, I cannot be too soon with Thee.

The Happiness, Joy and Glory, the light, Immortality and Eternity, of the other World.

101. **T**He Vessel *here* is too capacious to be filled with the pleasures and delights, the whole Universe can lay together; but our Pleasures and Delights *hereafter*, shall be too full for the most capacious Vessel to contain Our Glory shall be so Great, that Power as well as goodness, shall go forth from God himself, to renew and enlarge these Vessels, that so others may be capable, to receive and retain that Grand Glory, Strength and Love shall go forth to gether, for to prepare and raise our Dispositions, that they may be suitable to such a Sublime high, Transcendent State and Condition. We are too Weak for such a Weight of Glory. Therefore God will bear us up, that we may bear up it. And because our Joys cannot fully enter into us, we shall fully enter into them. Who would then set so large a Vessel, as the Spirit of Man, under some few drops of Carnal Pleasure, and slight or neglect the Spring, and Spouts of Everlasting Joy, O my Soul! what a Glorious Day is there coming! When the Vessels of Mercy, shall be cast into the Ocean of Mercy, and

filled up to the Brim with Mercy ; When the Sons of Pleasure, shall Drink their fills of Pleasure, at the Torrents of Pleasure, and be set for ever at the Rivers of Pleasure. When the Soul that is Sick of Love, shall Lye at the Bosom of Love, and for ever take its fill of Love ; when the Spirit of the Mind, shall there by Instinct or rather infusion, with a Glorified Understanding, (Elevated, through the light of Glory, concurring with and Corroborating of it,) certainly and clearly apprehend all desierable Science, all longed for Knowledge, yea and perfectly without Eunomian presumption, resolve that Grand Queere ; What God is, and that as I dare say, I do not comprehensively yet) so apprehensively, that no Created Intellect can possibly proceed farther in Point of Knowledge ; when the never Dying Christian, passing thro' *Death* (that Reasonable Moderator and equal piece of Justice) shall cast off this Commune, and abject way and mode of Retaining to the Sun and Elements, this being beholden to and present beholding, thro' the Windows of the Body, or Carnal Spectacles whatsoever ; and shall there see himself, as he never was, and his Saviour as he ever will be, yea even as **there He is**, and be for ever with Him where **He is**, to behold the Glory, as his Saviours **Will is**, given by his Father before the World was, and all this Face to Face to all Eternity. when the Child of God ; shall (I fore say foresee, according to what has been revealed by God,) have by, in, and thro' Christ, a conspicuous and distinct, a plenary and perfect Vision, of Adhæssion to, and Fruition of God ! When in fine, (nay verily fine fine,) The Children of the most High, (those Birds of Paradise, those

those true Eagles of the Sun, the Sun of Righteousness shall soar aloft, about the Eye of the Most High ;) beholding the Majesty of his Glory, and shall for ever be Illuminated by, Assimulated to, Satisfyed in and Beatified with the all consolating, compleating, confirming and comprehending Essence of the most High, The presence of which Essence ; the Influence of which Presence, the Joy of which Influence ; the fulness of which Joy, the Sweetness of which Fulness ; the Blessedness of which Sweetness, the Eternity of which Blessedness, either as to the Extent of its Object, or in the Effect thereof, either in the very inhærent Qualitys of the very Bodies of the Beholders, or in the trances, Raptures, Extasies, of the Beholders, not to hint ought of its Place, or the manner of it, much less of ἀρρητα ῥήματα those Wordless words long ago heard by One, who was second to no meer Son of Man ; the Heart of Man in its largest thoughts, and Imagination, in its Widest Ideas and Capacity, cannot comprehend, cannot apprehend no nor conceive. O *Jehovah* *Allohim* Great and Glorious in Thy works, Good and Gracious in thy Word ! Vouchsafe seeing we have learned by thy Word, Thy Son went from us to prepare a place for us, O do thou prepare us for this Place. O my Lord and my God ! let the thoughts of the Joy and Glories which Thou hast prepared for me in the Heavens, turn away the Heart and Soul, mind and Spirit *even of me* (the worst of the Servants of Jesus the Christ from all the pleasures and delight, which are, may, or can be, presented to me on the Earth, that so Neglecting, yea rejecting and renouncing, abdicating

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ting and totally abnegating them, I may be henceforth, Going, Walking, Running and Pressing on to Thee, and Pressing on to Thee I may be, while here, panting alway after and for Thee, Indefatigably suspiring, unweariedly breathing forth with Thine : O *When shall I come, and appear before God.*

Liber Lectori.

FINIS.

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